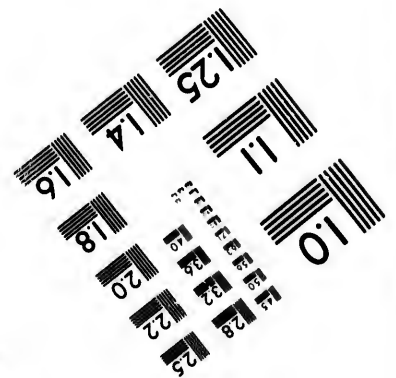
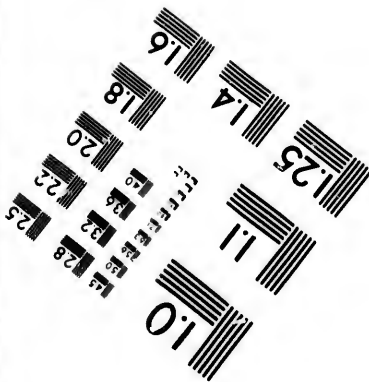
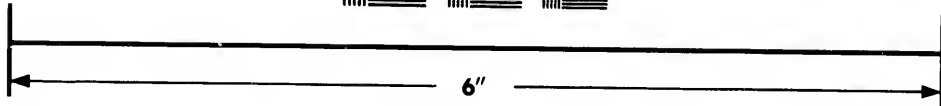
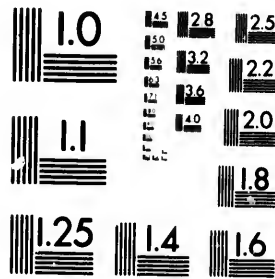
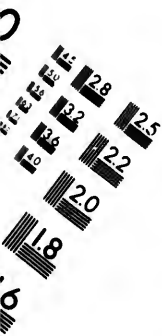


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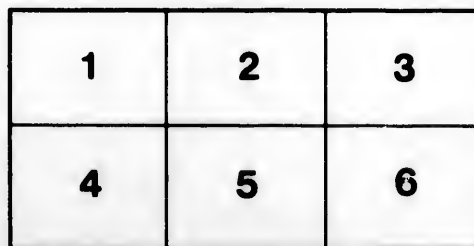
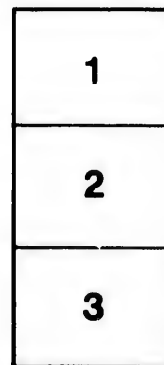
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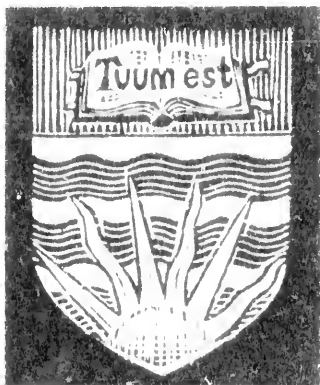
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Being a Full, True and Correct Account of what happened in
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Religious Instruction in Public Schools ;

THE MORALITY OF FRESH AIR,

TEACHER'S "RECOMMENDS,"

AND BOGUS CERTIFICATES.

BY

AN OLD MAID,

(Who was "Plucked.")

PREFACE.

—‡o‡—

The readers of this history will probably vary a good deal in their opinions about it. Some may feel disposed to think that there is too much bloodshed! some that there is too much love, some that there is too little; and some that taking it all through the story is too thrilling. The historian cannot avoid these things, that is, if he is determined to tell the truth.

Should there be any who find fault with the chronological arrangements, as they will probably discover plenty of room to do, the answer is "Peccavi," which being interpreted signifies It couldn't be helped.

The object was to crowd the facts somehow inside of a year, and had not the writer employed much wise discrimination for this purpose, the book you now hold in your hand wouldn't be the same book at all! It would be a volume the size of Worcester's big dictionary! In that case it is not probable that more than eight or ten thousand copies would have been sold, whereas, as it is, every parent, teacher and inspector in this province (including Rat Portage) will purchase two or more copies.

CHAPTER I.

"Dick, if you will be kind enough to run down to the post office and inquire if there's anything for me, I'll give you five cents to get fire-crackers for the Queen's Birth-day, and if you bring me back a letter, so long, you shall have ten."

"Yes, ma'am. Right off?"

"If you please, Dick—right off, and come home as fast as you can, like a good boy."

"If I run all the way there, Miss Pollock, and all the way back, will you give me fifteen cents, eh?"

"Be off Dick at once, and we'll see about that when you return."

At the age of ten or twelve, the prospective possession of a few cents' worth of Chinese squibs is as likely to inflame a boy's zeal in the execution of a task, as the squibs themselves, after he gets them, are likely to inflame either his eyes or his coat-tails.

As the sleighing was good, and a long hill lay between the farm to which Dick was heir, and the village post office, he "allowed" he "had better take his hand-sled along and ride anyhow," running the chance of either getting back on a wood-sleigh, or having to drag his own vehicle up the hill which he intended to be carried so speedily down.

It is not difficult to guess from the little we know of Dick up to this point, that he was a Canadian, not only because he asked whether he was expected to render his assistance "right off" or "right away," but because he had an eye to the main chance, introducing a condition into the little bargain, by which he *might* gain fifty per cent. while at the same time he was sure of losing nothing. If we add to these reasons, the rapidity with which he formed the plan of doing his work in the shortest possible time, and with the least possible trouble, the evidence of Dick's nationality is not far from being complete.

He had been "raised" on a farm, scarcely a quarter of a mile from the village of Harden in one of the central, stock-raising, Ontario counties—was used to being "routed" out of bed every morning at five o'clock, ever since he had been able to handle a turnip or "mind a gap;" had often been present when "Dad" was bargaining with butchers for cattle or sheep both in the farmyard and at monthly fairs; had early been initiated into the mysteries of trading jack-knives "onsight, onseen;" knew all the wrinkles connected with "Indian turnip;"

felt competent to give his opinion about the number of bushels to the acre a field might yield, and regarded himself generally as little, if at all inferior, in matters of business, to the "Old Man."

Those who know the real "Canuck" of from ten to sixteen cannot have failed to notice the odd mixture of youth and age, simplicity and sagacity, that go to form his character. Of this type was Dick Ferrand. Whilst possessing dignity enough to speak of the farm as his "place," and to "guess" there would be a change of weather at the next "quarter," he was not above being addressed as we have seen, especially in view of his pocketing ten cents or more by the transaction.

Miss Pollock was the schoolma'am of the village, officially known as Section No. 7, Rexville township, in which was situated the farm of Mr. Joshua Ferrand, Dick's father, at whose house she boarded. Miss Pollock didn't know very much, and had been trying hard for some time to know a good deal more! not from any consuming love of knowledge on her part, but in obedience to the behests of law, directed by the educational authorities against, or rather in favor of, all who aspired to the position of teacher.

In accordance with law, therefore, Miss Pollock had presented herself at the county town, for examination in second-class subjects under the New Act. For the previous six months she had been employed under a "permit" from the Inspector, and was now waiting most anxiously to learn the result of what she regarded as the ordeal to which she had been submitted. Six weeks had passed, and the hope-deferred-sickness-of-heart, began to make itself felt. Would Dick bring a letter? Would it be *the* letter? If not, what *would* she, what *should* she, do? "How that nasty, mean thing Polly Ann Martin, will rejoice if I'm plucked, and then there's——" but here she stopped short, her cheeks became even redder than usual, she would have given anything in the world, except a second-class certificate, to get a real good cry. A mouthful of water and a hasty toilet refreshed her a little, but for the next half hour her mental sufferings were of no ordinary kind.

Was Dick never coming back? ah! there he is, just coming up the line. Yes, Dick had returned and brought Miss Pollock a letter. She could hardly refrain from running to meet him, and as soon as he entered the door, her heart sank to see him extending to her only a common-looking missive which she took from him rather unceremoniously and rushed upstairs to her own room; Dick, as soon as he could get his breath, shouting after her, "Holloa you, there, Miss Pollock, I want them ten cents." To get rid of him, and not having

change for the sum demanded, she threw down a "quarter," which he pocketed with the remark that he was glad he didn't get a letter "so-long" as that would have brought him only fifteen. It is needless to say that the schoolma'am's letter did not contain a certificate, although it came from the Secretary of the Examining Board. The effect produced upon her by reading it, was not at all what might have been expected, taking her previous feelings into account. It went on to say that "The Board regretted very deeply" and so on, "but when Miss Pollock considered that she had done absolutely nothing, either in Grammar or Composition she would perceive" etc. But she did not perceive. Did this mean, she said to herself, that she had really written *nothing*, or only that what she did write was held at that value? She soon made up her mind what to do. It was yet but eleven o'clock—the county-town stage wouldn't leave for an hour—she would go and see the Inspector, although she could not well bear the cost, but expense, she thought, was better, in this case, than suspense. It is unnecessary to follow her during a miserably, cold ride of nineteen miles in an open stage, to find the Inspector away from home. It is equally unnecessary to say that when she returned at nearly midnight to her snug little room in Mr. Ferrand's, she was in a pitiable state, as well of body, as of mind.

Next day—Sunday—she suffered all the agonies of severe nervous headache, and no persuasion of the motherly Mrs. Ferrand could induce her either to eat or to exert herself. "Dad" himself went up to see her, and to both him and Mrs. Ferrand she sobbed out her sorrowful tale. "That's nothin'" said Joshua Ferrand, or Josh as he was commonly called, "You ain't a goin' to leave our school for all o' that. You kin git another permit till summer anyhow, I'll bet my boots. Why all I've got to do is jist to tell the Inspector I want him to, an' he'll do it of course, or what's the use o' me bein' Reeve o' Rexville? That's what I want to know." "Of course" said Mrs. Ferrand, "don't you take on so, like a dear, and Dad 'll make it all right. Now I'll tell ye what, I havn't been to church for two weeks, an' I'd like real well to go out to-day an' hear Mr. Gubbin from Gobblersville, so if you'll fix up dinner for us, an' put a fire on in the settin' room I'll be obliged to ye."

It was in vain for Miss Pollock to declare that she did not desire a 'permit,' and that she wouldn't teach on one if she had it; neither Mr. nor Mrs. Ferrand could understand such sentimentality: however, arrangements were made according to the wishes of the latter, and Miss Pollock found the occupation of "fixin' up dinner" quite a relief by way of turning her

attention in some measure aside from her own sorrows, and, this was, the sole object Mrs. Ferrand had in view when the proposal was made, for in truth she had never found one or two Sundays—or, for the matter of that, three or four of them out of church, do her much harm.

Towards evening the teacher found herself much calmer and better able to see things in a more reasonable light than she had done for the previous thirty-six hours, but she was still fully determined to teach the next day only, and to tell the scholars not to return until they had a new teacher.

This resolution she carried out by despatching Dick early on Monday morning with her resignation to the Trustees, explaining that she would cease to take charge of the school that afternoon, because having failed to secure a certificate she had not a legal standing as a teacher. Before noon the news had spread over most of the section, and was received in quite a variety of ways. "It was a pity," "S'pose it can't be helped," "Nice girl, Miss Pollock," "Kind o' stuck up," "Guess she'll have to get married," and, "What'll Dr. Rose think of her now?" Oh the whole, however, the parents were truly sorry to think of losing her services, and many of the pupils, that is, all the very little boys and some of the big girls took, a cry over it.

CHAPTER II.

Let us see how the affair was regarded at the residence of Polly Ann Martin. This Polly Ann Martin had written for a certificate when Miss Pollock took one four years before, but Polly Ann didn't succeed. Miss Pollock shortly afterwards took charge of No. 7, hence the "feeling" between these two young ladies. The name of Miss Pollock's feeling was contempt—of Polly Ann's, spite. This spitefulness too, was shared in as much by Mr. Philip Martin, and Mrs. Dorothy Martin, as by their child of genius, Polly Ann. When Phil Martin, therefore, returned at noon from a visit to Harden, a look of sinister pleasure seemed to glisten in his little grey eyes, as he said to his wife "Well, I rather guess Hannah Pollock 'll feel took down a bit at not gittin' a certificate."

"Lawk-a-daisy! You don't say so. Well I can't say I'm a bit sorry. Did she stick on the 'rethmetic?"

When Polly Ann failed, she "stuck on 'rethmetic" and Mrs. Martin had heard of others sticking in the same way, so that although she had no very clear idea as to the difference between "rethmetic" and "jography" or any other study, she knew it at all events by reputation, as a "sticker."

"Yes, she stuck on 'rethmetic, so I heerd. Didn't git one right out of ten, an' her grammar wasn't worth a cent, Sam Checkley's wife says; an' she's goin' to Toronto to learn dress-makin', for her step-mother declares she needn't think to hang around home no more."

As Phil Martin concluded this piece of gossip, Polly Ann bolted into the kitchen holding up a square looking sheet of paper, which she could scarcely find breath to say was *her* certificate, for she had tried every year since her first failure, and had it appeared, at last, been successful, for she was not devoid of ability.

"Lawk-a-daisy! You don't say so," exclaimed Mrs. Martin, "well, now, if my cup o' happiness ain't full. Did you hear Polly Ann, that Hannah Pollock stuck on 'rethmetic this time?"

"Yes," said Polly Ann, "Tom Horsfall told me when he gave me the letter at the front door a minute ago, but I shouldn't wonder though if she hasn't brass enough to get another 'permit' and teach along till next examination."

Mr. Phil Martin now went out to attend to his stable duties, in the midst of which, he resolved to call on Messrs. McTavish, Turner, and Schuntz, the trustees, to see what could be done in favor of Polly Ann's application for No. 7, for he was determined she should apply.

At the dinner-table he announced his purpose to Mrs. Dorothy and Polly Ann, both of whom were in full accord with him in his scheme. So too, were all the young Martins who went to school, Jerusha, and Levi, and Nancy, and Wesley, and Albert Edward. Levi gave Wesley a "dig in the ribs" and whispered something, of which all that was audible sounded something like "by jingo" and "highjinks."

Early in the afternoon, Mr. Phil Martin, in his cutter, drove first to the residence of Mr. Archibald McTavish, who acted as Chairman and Secretary treasurer of No. 7, Rexville, Board of Public Trustees. McTavish was at home, and very busy amid the stalls of his "bank barn," attending to the wants of nearly half-a-score of cattle he intended to dispose of at the next Harden fair.

"Good day, Mr. McTavish, them's a fine lot o' beasts you've got, you don't see so many head o' cattle like that every place you go."

Mr. McTavish was a man of few words, and although his own opinion "anent" the stock was quite as high as Phil Martin's was, or as Phil said it was, having no great notion of his neighbor, he simply half-grunted, "I suppose no."

"I should think they'll bring from \$50 to \$60 apiece all round Mr. McTavish, don't you think so?"

Now, if there's anything a Scotchman dislikes to discuss with a neighbor, it is his profit and loss account. No true Scotchman has ever been known to tell his wife even, more than that he "did no' that ill the-day," or that he expects "to gar this pay weel." She, like a sensible woman, would no more think of going into particulars, than she would of questioning the theology of the *Confession of Faith* or of the *Shorter Catechism*, and yet, here was a man who thought himself cute, and bent on winning over Mr. McTavish in a delicate piece of business, actually making a guess at how much the latter might clear off his grades!

"I should think they'll bring from \$50 to \$60 apiece all round, don't you think so?"

Said Mr. McTavish "Perhaps yes, and perhaps no," and hereupon he made a dive into the root house close by, where he remained ten times longer than was necessary to fill a basket with turnips, hoping that "Maister Mairtin" in the meantime would retire. But Mr. Martin didn't. When McTavish re-appeared Martin was ready for him again.

"Is it true Mr. McTavish that Miss Pollock ain't agoin' to teach no more?"

"I couldn't say."

"I was told she wasn't."

"Inteet!"

"Yes, I heerd tell she'd sent you word she wouldn't stay no longer 'n this week."

"Oh!"

"Is that so, Mr. McTavish?"

"I'm not at leeberty to say."

"Well now that's kind o' queer, you an' I have been old friends for nigh on thirty years since we settled in Rexville, an' you mightn't be so close as all that comes to 'specially as I've an interest in findin' out."

"What interest you'll have, Maister Mairtin?"

"Well now, just atween ourselves, if Miss Pollock ain't a goin' to hold on I kind o' thought my daughter Polly Ann, seein' as she's got a certificate, might git the place if she kin git as good recommends as any one else, eh?"

"All I can say, Maister Mairtin is just this; if Miss Mairtin pits in her application, it will receive careful consitheration, in case we require a teacher, but I can tell you no more at praisant until the meeting of the Boord."

"You haven't got nothin' agin Polly Ann if she does apply, have ye?"

Mr. McTavish didn't want to answer this question, so he became interrogator and said,—

"How old is she?"

"Eighteen, risin' nineteen, an' one o' the best gals you ever seen around a place, why she kin knock the spots of her mother in makin' custards and tidies an' all other kinds o' broidery work."

"Well, Maister Mairtin, the Boord will meet in the school-house at four o'clock, so that I must go and get the meenute book ready, and if we require a teacher you'll see it in the papers. Goot aiffternoon."

CHAPTER III.

Phil Martin had no reason to feel pleased over his first attempt to secure influence in favor of Polly Ann, but thinking he might succeed better with Mr. Turner and Mr. Schuntz, he drove off towards the farm of the latter, Turner's place being in the opposite direction and much farther away. Mr. Jacob Schuntz was a Pennsylvania Dutchman, one of those thrifty, hard-headed, close-fisted, honest settlers who have done so much towards making Ontario what it is—the Garden of Canada.

On Martin's arrival, Schuntz was sitting astride of a cedar post boring two inch holes with a crank and pinion auger, and humming to himself the tune of an old Lutheran hymn, between the bars of which he frequently shot a stream of tobacco juice into the last hole he had bored, and this he did so persistently, that one might have fancied him to have some preservative object in view.

"Busy as usual, Schuntz" said Martin, holding out his hand to grasp his neighbor's, "what a wonderful man you do be to git through work. Why there ain't nothin' you don't make; posts, gates, pickets, barrows, sheds, shanties an' sich, an' now when I think of it, you built the house, didn't ye?"

"Yah, und a pooty goot house too—eight rooms and one kitchen, finish out and out, und only shoost gost me five hoonder, forty six dollar dirty-seven a half cent. Goot cellar too, dry as can be, bump cistern and all. Sheap house don't it."

"You're a caution. There ain't another man in the township as handy as you be, or that makes more money. Your youngsters 'll have a nice pile some day, an' talkin' about youngsters, puts me in mind of a report that Miss Pollock's agoin' off, wonder if it's true?"

"Maybe it was. I know someding's up, for McTavish wants a meeting to-night. Vell, I hope Miss Pollock don't go off. Mine shildrer goes along fusht-rate mit her."

"If you want a new teacher Mr. Schuntz, don't you think my daughter would suit you?"

"Vich?"

"Polly Ann. She's just took a certificate, an' would like to pitch right in an' do something for herself, I know she's awful found of young ones. I heerd her say how much she liked some of yours only the other day."

"Berhaps it vas Fritz she like."

"No, no, you're joking Schuntz, I mean the little ones. I can get good recommends for her if you would promise to give her a lift."

"Well, Mr. Martin, I don't know much schooling myself, and I most in shenerally shoost agree mit Mr. McTavish, when I oondershtand not myself."

"If I was you now, Schuntz, I wouldn't allow old McTavish to lead me by the nose, I would——"

"Vat you dink he nose me by the lead? No Sir. No man pull my nose. No sir. Mr. McTavish never do so. He's a shentleman. No Sir."

"You don't understand me, Mr. Schuntz. I only mean that I wouldn't allow him to have all the say. I didn't mean no insult. I only thought that for old friendship's sake you'd give our Polly Ann a chance anyhow, an' I'm scared old Mac's down on her, d'ye see."

"Vell, I guess so too; we're old vrients and she should have shoost so goot a shance as anybody. But ve'll see to-night."

"Much obliged, Mr. Schuntz, an' if she gits the sit, you may reckon your youngsters won't have no reason to be sorry for it anyhow."

"All right, you'll hear to morrow, Mr. Martin, but you better gall and see Durner."

After another leave-taking Phil Martin did not feel as he wanted to feel. He had tried to please, and wasn't sure that he had quite succeeded any more with the Dutchman than with the Scot. If money had been any object to Schuntz, he was prepared to offer him five or even ten dollars for his influence at the board, but the way the nose-leading allusion had been received was quite enough to show how the offer of money would have been regarded, even if Schuntz's character had not been already too well and too widely known.

Martin's only hope now lay with Turner, and on this last chance he determined to do his "prettiest" as he termed it. To his chagrin, however, Mr. Turner had left for the meeting by going through the bush, only a short time before he reached the house. Nothing remained but for Mr. Philip Martin to return to Mrs. Dorothy Martin and Polly Ann, and to in-

form them that he thought "the sight was darned poor, anyhow." From the use of the foregoing profane-looking expletive, it must not be supposed that Mr. Martin was in the habit of using what Artemus Ward called "cuss-words." Far from it. He was a member of the church in good standing, and allowed himself the luxury of "darn" only when he was a trifle out of sorts, as on the present occasion, and besides that, he, like many other good, right-minded Canadians, did not regard the word in question as being very sulphureous anyhow.

CHAPTER IV.

When Miss Pollock returned from the school, she found a note addressed to her in a well-known hand. She sat down to read it before taking off her "wraps," and this is what it said :

HARDEN, February 10th.

MY DEAR HANNAH.

Although Valentine's Day is not yet permit me to present you with this prescription, I mean epistle, for your soul use and benefit. I have heard a few of the abominable streit rumors in the village about your failure to obtain a certificate, and I know that without anything of that kind going, your feelings must be of an unhappy character indeed. I hope you will not consider yourself bound by what I must regard as the silly promise or vow, or whatever you call it, you made last summer. Think over what passed between us then. Be reasonable. If I can at all, I shall run out to-night and see Mrs. Ferrand! You must be at home, now mind.

Don't get it into your foolish little head that I beleave all I hear. I must be off to see a patient.

Yours and Yours only

JAMES R. ROSE.

Dr. Rose was a young man of twenty-seven or twenty-nine years of age, who seemed like a good many more young men in Ontario, to have become possessed of his M. D. without a great deal of trouble. Possibly his talents were fully commensurate with the extent of his practice which was pretty large; yet one thing is certain—if his knowledge of *Materia medica* and human physiology was on a par with his grammatical attainments his patients stood in extraordinary need of humble but powerful reliance upon divine aid.

Dr. James Robertson Rose was what is usually known as "nice," not good-looking, but vulgarly polite, with the uncommon quality of rendering himself thoroughly agreeably to all the granny-gossips in and about Harden. What matter then if he did request his patients to "lay" in their beds and not to "set around" the house too much? Of what consequence was it that he once affixed to the door of a patient, the following notice :

"Callers will pleas not knock to loud at this dore because Mr. Cutbeard (his name was Cuthbert) is verry low!"

Within the last few years, much has been done towards "polishing off" medical graduates in common English, as well as in the more strictly professional branches, and Heaven knows how much necessity existed for the change!

Well, Dr. Rose had been "sparking" Miss Pollock for at least a year and a half, and had made her an offer of marriage the summer previous to the time when this veracious tale opens. Why she refused him, for she did refuse him, we shall discover by and by.

CHAPTER V.

While Hannah Pollock was musing over the contents of the foregoing letter, the "Boord" was in solemn conclave in the School-house. A. McTavish Esq., Secy-treasurer in the chair.

"Gentlemen," said the Chairman, "you have heard what Miss Pollock will told you in her resignation, what have you to say?"

"That is shoost vat I wants to know too, right away" said Mr. Schuntz.

Both these gentlemen now looked full at Mr. Turner, who did not quite relish the the idea of having the whole weight of the decision rest upon himself, but as hitherto, we have not had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with Turner, a break may be allowed in the conversation here to see what "manner of man" he was.

An aspirant for the township council, he, for many years longed ardently after a trusteeship, regarding that position, as one more likely to bring him prominently before the electors, than being simply a pound-keeper or a pathmaster. Glib of tongue, and having a smattering of old-time information, but ignorant withal, and proportionately boorish, he managed by some means to make a few persons believe in the superiority of his qualifications for office. Well aware of Miss Pollock's popularity in the section he did not wish to say one word that might appear as if he wished to drive her away, and equally afraid that the retention of her services might prove illegal, he was not disposed to argue in favor of keeping her till the summer vacation. When, therefore, Mr. Schuntz remarked, "That is shoost vat I wants to know, too," and joined the chairman in apparently referring the whole matter to him, he felt uneasy. Poking his fingers into his nose, scratching his head, biting off a big chew off tobacco, and going through other vulgar

and awkward movements, he managed at last to blurt out:

"What do you fellows think it's best to do, eh?"

Mr. McTavish then stated his views to the effect that Miss Pollock having been very successful as a teacher, and that as a new year had been entered upon, he thought it possible, if she could be persuaded to remain on a 'permit' for the remainder of the year, that such a document would be furnished by the Inspector, whom he knew, as everybody else did, to be an easy-going, please-all old gentleman; but that if she refused to do that, she be requested to stay another week or two until they could advertise in the city and local papers. Mr. Schuntz looked very determined and declared, "Them is right," and Mr. Turner said he thought so too, glad to see his way out of the difficulty.

The Chairman and Sec'y-treasurer agreed to see the teacher, and the meeting ended.

No minutes were read, none were recorded, and perhaps for the best of all reasons, the want of a minute-book. So that Mr. McTavish was fibbing when he told Mr. Martin during the stable interview, that he had to see about a book of this sort.

CHAPTER VI.

When Turner reached home, he found Phil Martin waiting to learn the result of what he called 'the conflag.' The news was not just what Martin desired, yet there was hope. He explained to Turner that Polly Ann had been granted a certificate, and was anxious for a situation.

"Why the blazes didn't ye tell me that afore I went to the meetin'?" said Turner, "and I'd 'a went for her sure."

"I did call," said Phil, "but you was off through the bush I guess, by the time I got here."

"I'll be hanged if I ain't downright sorry for that now Phil, 'cause I want to do you a good turn. You see, I intend, between me and I and the gate post, to run out Morgan next year in a kin, just to see if we can't git the side line between you and I gravelled, and one good turn deserves another. Now, look 'e here, I'll do my level best for Polly Ann, if you'll support me next year agin Morgan, not that I want to be in the Council, but I think if folks like you and I pays taxes reg'lar, year in and year out all the time, we ought to have a bit o' gravel any way. Don't you?"

"'Course. Why last fall our minister came around to stay over night, when that glorious outpouring o' the sperrit was goin' on, he stuck right there by Widow Malone's, an' couldn't git out no-how till young Pat Malone was comin' home from the

choppin' an' give him a lift, an' he told us afore we had family worship, (I remember it as well as if it was last night) that he couldn't abide them Papishes about him, an' that if it hadn't been he was fast, he'd rather a stayed in the sloo' all night than be obligated to Malone."

"There it is ye see—we must have that hole made safe, an' as long's Morgan's in we needn't expect to git a cent for it.

"Then, I onderstand ye to say, you'll do what you kin for Polly Ann, if I do what I kin for you?"

"Certainly. An' you kin do a good deal too. There's all the folks belongin' to your church for instance. Isn't it a shame for them to go an' put in a man like Morgan? Why it's said he's a Swedenburg or an infidel or something, an' here they go puttin' him in everytime for all he never gives a copper to the Missionaries nor nothing, an' you kin see my name on the superscription paper every time. I'm down on religion like that.

"Yes, and don't you know Hannah Pollock's dad was either a Universalist or a Unitarian, so what kin ye expect from her?"

"Blamed little, I say, and sooner we git rid of both of 'em the better."

CHAPTER VII.

It is not to be understood that either of these men intended to do a whit more in favor of the other than was absolutely necessary for the accomplishment of the selfish purpose each had in view. Turner estimated Martin at his true value, in setting him down for an "onmitigated hypocrite." And yet it was only from Turner's point of view that "hypocrite" properly characterized his neighbor. The fact of the matter was, that Martin really imagined himself to be an exemplary member of the church. Regular in his attendance upon the ordinances—conducting family worship morning and evening—moderately liberal in his contributions to the various *schemes* of the "good work" and ostentatious in his hospitality to the preachers, he was, yet, so utterly selfish and sordid as to be thoroughly incapably of doing a good turn without reckoning how it might ultimately prove advantageous to himself, either on earth, or in heaven. Had he reasoned with himself as to whether he would prefer his reward, here, or hereafter, he would most undoubtedly have expressed his desire in favor of "Canada First," feeling confident of further bliss at any rate, although at the same time confessing his inability to "see much fun in singing hymns and praying all the time, for

millions of years, on a stretch." Phil Martin was, in fact, one of those good men—farmers—so common in this country, who perceive no harm in constructing 100 cubic feet (or less) of firewood, so ingeniously as to make it look like a cord, and who would, rather than not, leave a town-customer a fifty-pound binding-pole along with a load of hay at \$30 or \$40 a ton.

A "trade," to him, was something every man was in duty bound to make the most of, if not by out and out falsehood, at least by suppressing the truth. Storekeepers and tradesmen of all kinds were his natural enemies. He regarded them as tacitly leagued to swindle himself and other simple-minded tillers of the soil, so that when he succeeded, which he often did, in driving a hard bargain with a mechanic or salesman, he rode home, proud to think himself somewhat compensated for former acts of roguery on their part.

Minus the religious aspect, Turner was in matters of business, quite a counterpart to Martin. with this difference, that while like the latter, he fully believed, in the inherent, rascality of townsmen. he prided himself on being altogether too cute to be taken in by them, and could boast, of many a little dodge he had employed "to pull the wool over their eyes" and of how much he had made by these transactions.

Men of this stamp are not likely to have much confidence even in each other, so that when Martin and Turner parted, shortly after we interrupted their conversation by this digression, each winked knowingly to himself, with the belief that "it just took him to do things," intending, as has already been intimated, to do no more for the other than he really couldn't help.

Martin, however, had the advantage, because his "case" was to come off first. Both men knew this, and Turner determined to act with becoming caution and plausibility.

CHAPTER VIII.

On Tuesday morning between seven and eight o'clock, Mr. McTavish visited Miss Pollock at Ferrand's, hoping to overcome her objections. All his arguments were thrown away. In vain did he explain the ease of getting her a 'permit,' in vain did he urge upon her the desirability of smoothing the trustees' path, by falling in with the wishes of the people for her return. In her replies Mr. McTavish did not fail to notice a something kept back—a something which seemed to say that she *would* go but she *couldn't*. Unable to come to terms with her he now acted upon his own responsibility, and requesting from his neighbor Ferrand a sheet of paper and an envelope,

he wrote out the following advertisement for the newspapers :

"TEACHER WANTED.—Wanted a female teacher for S. S. No. 7, Rexville, immediately. Must be well qualified. Salary \$175 per annum. Apply to

ARCHIBALD McTAVISH,
Harden, P.O.

Whatever advantage might arise from the impossibility of this advertisement appearing for at least two days, Miss Polly Ann Martin and her father had. Polly Ann herself applied to the young minister of the circuit for his influence while going his rounds, and Phil succeeded in getting the Reverend Chairman of the District to second his views in the same way, having, previously to a personal interview, sent up young Ted to the parsonage with two bags of russets, and three or four bushels of early rose potatoes, as a present from Mammy Martin to *Mrs.* Horrocks.

Of course it would be uncharitable to suppose that the Rev. Josiah Horrocks was in any way influenced by the passage of these little courtesies from Mammy Martin to his own good wife. It would be much more reasonable to conclude that all the good will Mr. Horrocks contrived to secure for Polly Ann, was the result of a conversation he had with Mr. Martin about an organist for the church, in place of the young lady who had for some time performed the duties, but whom Mr. Horrocks had recently united in marriage with a neighbor's son who had taken up land in Manitoba. A happy thought struck Phil. "Why there's our Polly Ann, she's a bin takin' lessings in the pianey an' organ fur a year or two, I guess she'd be real glad to play, but ye see Mr. Horrock's she's right sot on teachin' school, an' most likely she'll be a good ways off, fur there's no empty school around 'ceptin' our own, and she's got no sight there."

"Why, Brother Martin," solemnly replied the reverend gentlemen, "you first relieved my mind to a very considerable degree, by communicating to me Miss Martin's ability and probable willingness to accept the duties of organist, and before you concluded, you well-nigh dispelled all hope of such being the case, by what I must regard as a most unreasonable assumption on your part, to the effect that so far as the vacancy in Harden is concerned, she has no visible prospect of having her application received in a favorable manner. And why, pray, do you thus conclude?"

When the Rev. Isaiah Horrocks spoke, he did so with every appearance of evolving his discourse from an unfathomable fountain of sagacity. He knit his brows in such a manner as

to form a sort of horse-shoe wrinkle over her nose. He threw his head slightly back and a little to the right side. He protruded his lips considerably and partly closed his left eye. He never smiled but when he had occasion to sneer, and even then he only turned up his nose and showed his teeth, so as to remind one forcibly of a horse yawning. He had also a most unpleasant habit when not in the pulpit of introducing his sentences with an "eh yah." If the reader will therefore take the trouble of contorting his face in a similar way, inserting now and again an "eh yah" and at the same time making his voice sound as hoarsely as possible, when perusing Mr. Horrocks, remarks, he will have a fair idea of the reverend gentleman's oracular style of delivery.

"And, why, pray, do you thus conclude?"

"Cause old man McTavish runs the Board, an' I think he's got a spite agin' me."

"Allow me, dear Brother Martin, to disabuse your mind of such totally unfounded suspicions. Mr. McTavish, is I know, an exceedingly eccentric individual, not only in matters of business, but also in the mere expression of his sentiments. I shall make it my duty to visit him as soon as convenient and I have no doubt we shall be able to arrive at an amicable understanding on the point in question. Mr. McTavish, as a church-member although not of our denomination, and who cannot therefore be expected to exhibit all the graces of the Christian character to the extent that we consider desirable, is nevertheless, I doubt not, willing to act in the interests of the section to the best of his ability, and I feel convinced Brother Martin that he will throw the weight of his influence in favor of your daughter."

"Well sir, if ye'd be kind enough, when you're at it, just to go round and see Schuntz, I'd be obliged to you."

"Most assuredly, Brother Martin."

Phil was proudly conscious of having hoodwinked the minister on the organ business, the only thing that troubled him being a doubt as to whether Polly Ann *could* play a church organ, and if she could, whether she would be willing to do so, for he had no great ear for music himself, and never heard her express any desire to officiate in the choir.

CHAPTER IX.

The Rev. Isaiah Horrocks, in blissful ignorance of Brother Martin's doubts, drove up to McTavish's the following afternoon—Wednesday—but was unable to see the old man, who had been taken suddenly and seriously ill. The next man

was Schuntz. Jacob was found as busy as usual, boring the last of his fence-posts, where Mr. Horrocks called.

Health and weather having been referred to in the usual mean-nothing style, the minister introduced the subject of the mission cautiously, by saying something about intelligent-looking children running round the stables, and having a fine holiday time owing to the school being closed. Then "By the bye, Mr. Schuntz, I believe the good people of this school section have shown their respect for you by electing you to the responsible office of school-trustee."

"Yah, I guess."

Jacob Schuntz's ability to speak English was much like that of most 'Dutchmen.' If feeling his way in a conversation, or likely to be worsted in making a bargain, his English faculty seemed in a great measure to desert him, but when sure of his ground, or 'on the track of making a good thing,' "Yah" and its kindred gave place to their English equivalents. Just now he was feeling his way.

"Your teacher, Miss Pollock, has resigned her situation, I understand, Mr. Schuntz."

"Yah, dot is so."

"I daresay you have a number of applicants for the vacancy?"

"Yah."

"When do you decide Mr. Schuntz, as to who shall have the preference?"

He wanted badly to say "yah" again but couldn't very well, so he said, truly,

"Saturday."

"I have a young lady friend Mr. Schuntz, who, I am satisfied, would suit you in every respect. All the people in the section speak well of her. A she is highly qualified, and daughter of one of the largest ratepayers in the township, it would afford me great satisfaction, were you to give her claims the benefit of your consideration. I refer to Miss Martin.

"Yah."

"She is possessed of indomitable energy, kindly in her disposition, anxious to teach, and therefore, in all human probability, most likely to be pre-eminently successful."

"Yah."

"Might I ask then, whether I may rely upon your great personal influence being exerted in her favor, Mr. Schuntz?"

"Yah."

"Oh! thanks. I am delighted to have met with you on this occasion. I saw you at work as I drove along the concession and couldn't resist the temptation to call and converse with

you for a short time and I am heartily glad to have done so. We shall be happy to see you at any of our meetings, either on Sabbath or during the week. I can assure you that many weary ones have found rest at our Thursday evening services," and the Rev. Mr. Horrocks went off bidding Schuntz "Good afternoon" with all the gravity he could assume, and quite convinced that he had won the Dutchman for Polly Ann, besides having dropped seed, which, to use his own language, "Might fructify, and develop in Mr. Schuntz, a longing after higher and heavenly things."

 CHAPTER X.

On Saturday afternoon at three o'clock Messrs. Turner and Schuntz found themselves, according to appointment, in the school-room of No. 7 for the purpose of selecting a teacher. Short as the notice had been, there were nine applications for the position, most of them being from local aspirants. McTavish was far too unwell to take any part in the business, so that those two representatives of the people's intelligence, feeling the deep responsibility that rested upon them, hardly knew how to begin the proceedings. Turner said at last, "We hain't got no chairman or secretary."

Schuntz said "Dot's a fact" and took a chew of tobacco, passing the plug to Turner, who did likewise—possibly more so. Schuntz then remarked, after a few vigorous jaw-movements and a tremendous squirt aimed at the handle of the stove door, "I hold in mine bocket all the letters Mr. McTavish have sent me to apply for teacher, you better as act secretary and chairman too."

"Well," said Mr. Turner, "I don't mind if I do. I guess you an' me's a majority anyhow, eh? so give us them papers an' we'll see what's in 'em." Like the pedantic ignoramus that he was, Turner did not feel like comportsing himself with the dignity of his office, unless he actually sat on a chair; he therefore took possession of a moderately high stool—the nearest approach which the school afforded to the article of furniture he desired.

It would be only wearisome to follow the two members of the board, as the one read with difficulty, much of what the other could not comprehend. For our purpose it is sufficient to note that one applicant was condemned on the ground of asking, in addition to her salary, for some one to sweep the school-room daily, and light the fire. Turner said he supposed "she thought herself some punkins" and Schuntz said "yah," and aimed at the stove door again.

Another explained that she expected to take a second-class certificate next summer, and the chairman declared he would "veto that miss." Schuntz not seeing the relevancy of any remarks concerning a young lady's *toes*, the gentlemen in the chair, thought this a fine opportunity to dazzle his neighbor by a display of erudition, and proceeded to explain that "In them old Druid days, thousands of years ago, when every body talked Greek and Latin, if a fellow done any crime, the letter "V" was burnt with a hot iron into his big toe, to show he was a Vagabone, and then he was said to be *vee-toed*, or condemned." It was in this way that Turner had, on many occasions, deceived his simple-minded neighbors, by a show of spurious learning, and it must be confessed that he was nearly always equal to an emergency, some of his explanations too, showing not a little ingenuity. On the present occasion, however, he failed to convince Schuntz that there had ever been a time when no German was spoken, because "The Sharmen lengvitch was spoke in the Garden of Eden."

The advent of Mr. Martin put a stop to what might have proved an interesting philological discussion. The latter gentlemen excused his presence by saying how anxious he was to know the result of the meeting, and having to drive to past anyhow, he thought he would just run in a bit. Of course Miss Polly Ann Martin was the successful applicant, and her dutiful parent was requested to notify her to that effect.

One of the letters in the packet handed to Turner was a private note from McTavish to Schuntz, exhorting him to stick out against Turner, should the latter wish to appoint Miss Martin. This note had escaped our Dutchman's observation. But not so that of Turner, who was characterized in McTavish's epistle as a "dangerous man." When Turner read this description of himself, he swore inwardly to be "even with the blamed old rip, some day." That day may come, but more probably it will not, for within twenty-four hours, the spirit of Archibald McTavish had gone to mingle with those of Fingal and Ossian and, *perhaps* of Rob Roy and of Robbie Burns. Who can say?

CHAPTER XI.

No prouder man—no prouder woman—ever stood in the township of Rexville, than were Phil and Mammy Martin on Monday morning, when Polly Ann, rigged out in her 'good clothes' started for the school a full mile away, towards Harden. At church and Sunday School the previous day, it became pretty well known who the new school-ma'am was. Opinions differed very little as to her probable failure. Scarce-

ly a parent in the section said a good word for her. "She wasn't much," "She was stuck-up," "She was no great shakes," "The boy's 'll boss her," "Some of the scholars might learn her a good deal," and so on. With comments like these made in presence of the pupils, it would have been a wonder if Miss Polly Ann Martin could have succeeded, had she been possessed of even more than the average share of ability, which she was not. With remarks of a laudatory character, or at least, with strict silence on the part of the parents regarding her aptitude, she would probably have got along moderately well. The substance of these criticisms ringing in the ears of forty or fifty boys and girls, from five to sixteen and eighteen years of age boded no good to Polly Ann as school-ma'am in No. 7. As early as eight o'clock, a squad of sparkling-eyed urchins had collected in the school wood-shed, to plot mischief for the day. By and by, she came along herself, for in No. 7 matters were not sufficiently advanced to have the fire lighted and the room warmed and swept for the reception of the teacher and pupils in the morning. Neither had the trustees enough of sentiment about them, to attend with a new teacher, and introduce her to the school. Miss Martin expected nothing of this kind, and so came prepared with a box of matches and—a strap. She had never taught; she had never been told how to teach; she had never read anything on the subject; she did not appear to think either telling or reading necessary, and as for practice—how could she get that till she taught? In fact, her notion of teaching was simply this: Tell the scholars to learn so-and-so—if they don't, 'lick' them; Tell them to behave—if they don't 'lick' them. Ah! Polly Ann, there have been too many like you in the world. Far too many of your mind have undertaken to 'keep' school, and strange to stay, there are too many doing so still.

With some difficulty the fire was lighted and by nine o'clock nearly fifty scholars had assembled 'in arms.' So far, the new school-ma'am, wishing to preserve her dignity, had not spoken to those even with whom she was well acquainted. When the time came for calling school to order for prayer, teaching did'n't seem to be such an easy thing to do, after all. She managed, however, to secure quietness for a few seconds and nearly broke down half-a-dozen times before getting through the 'Form.' During the solemn exercise, two or three benches were upset, several slates fell, a little chap bawled, "quit that!" and some amiable pupil managed in the midst of the *melee* to throw a handful of pepper on the stove. Doors and windows had to be thrown open to prevent the

scholars from coughing their heads off, although fifty *per cent* of the efforts that were made to relieve throats, were entirely voluntary. Miss Polly Ann Martin was a very much disconcerted, but at length succeeded in saying that unless "this here coughing was stopped, she would send for the trustees" and then she coughed violently herself. Sam Stokes "guessed Mr. Mc-Tavish couldn't come nohow." Tommy Piper's tiny voice, prompted by a bigger one asked Miss Martin if "her mother knew she was out?" Jemima Jane Maudsley simpered "Please ma'am can I go out?" the teacher said "yes" and Jemima Jane queried again, "How d'ye know?" All the big girls laughed at the teacher's error and Jemima Jane's impudence, but the teacher herself could see *nothing* to laugh at, and so she didn't even smile. A triangular fight now took place in the boys' corner, to prevent which she was wholly powerless; an ink bottle thrown across the room just missed Tillie Croft's head, and went through a pane of glass. Older boys in different places were pinching the younger ones and pricking them with pins—the girls meanwhile keeping up a perpetual giggle and a noisy conversation. When the new school ma'am could stand this sort of thing no longer, she did what many others of her sex would have done much sooner—she cried. The sight of the teacher in tears, softened the hearts of nearly all the girls, who now declared it was "too bad" but the boys, who enjoyed rain fully as much as sunshine, voted it "the best old time out."

Drying her eyes, Miss Polly Ann informed the scholars there would be no more school that day, and that next morning she would have Messrs. Turner and Schuntz to come and see to their behavior. When the children reached home, the good kind, judicious pas and mas laughed heartily on hearing the highly colored accounts of the teacher's discomfiture, the juvenile tale-bearers being careful in every instance to explain that *they* "only just sat an' looked at the fun, and didn't do nothing." It would be perfectly safe to say that not a single parent in No. 7 felt in the smallest degree chargeable with the disgraceful conduct of the pupils that morning, and yet, judging from the generally expressed public opinion in the hearing of the children, regarding Miss Martin's appointment, whom, but the old people, can any sensible person blame?

On Tuesday morning, the school population of the section was represented by seven little girls and two little boys, all in the first book. The trustees were present, but having no audience, said nothing and went home.

On Wednesday, the attendance had diminished to five, all told; on Thursday it was the same; on Friday there was an

increase of one, and that night Miss Martin resolved, on the suggestion of the trustees, to resign.

CHAPTER XII.

Next week was a lively one in No. 7. Not only did they require a new teacher, but they had to elect another trustee, and, according to a hint from the inspector, to take into consideration how to provide better accommodation for the school.

While the events of the past few days had been taking place, Miss Pollock's feelings had fairly boxed the compass. What with the disgrace, as she called it, of being plucked the importunities of Dr. Rose, chagrin at the appointment of Polly Ann Martin and unspeakable pleasure at that young lady's failure, the whole week was to Miss Pollock, in meteorological phrase, one of storm, cloud and shower, with occasional blinks of sunshine. Her step-mother had called on the Wednesday afternoon following her resignation to inform her, contrary to rumor, that if she liked to stay at home for a few weeks till she could find something to do she would be quite welcome, that, in fact, she might make herself useful by assisting Mrs. Pollock to make some clothing for the little Pollocks—her half brothers and sisters, who attended school in Harden. According to agreement, Hannah on this invitation, left Mr. Ferrand's the next Monday morning, intending to remain in the village for a little while, hoping that something might eventually present itself, by means of which she could earn her own livelihood.

Against all Dr. Rose's advances, she remained firm. Her reason for so doing will appear in a conversation that took place between her and Mrs. Pollock the day after she arrived home.

"Hanner, (Mrs. Pollock was an English woman) this 'ere piece of stuff, as I'm puttin' on Charlie's pants, just puts me in mind o' you every time as you see Dr. Rose."

"How's that, mother?"

"'Cause you look so stiff and black."

"Well mother, I'm sure you ought to understand how I feel, so far as he is concerned."

"I know nowt o't soart, but I know 'ow you might 'a felt at one time, more'n a year ago now. If Mr. Colton was alive wouldn't he 'a wrote to you afore this to say as it were all right, and didn't that letter from what-you-call-the-place, say as he were drowned? So what's the use o' mopin' your life away? You take my advice, an' if the doctor says any more about it, tell him if you don't hear from, what is it?—"

"Sault Ste. Marie," said Hannah.

"Well, from Susan Mary, in six weeks, or two months at furdest, you'll 'ave 'im an' you'd better stay 'ere to see. There now, that's my mind on't."

"Perhaps you're right mother—I don't know but you are, and I wouldn't have been so stiff with him, if only I had got a certificate, for then you see, it wouldn't have looked like a necessity for me to get married: now, it does.

"Pooh! When I married your father that's dead and gone, poor man, I had \$2500, an' I didn't think as he were anythink worse though he hadn't but a hundred or two, an' what's 'he doctor agoin' to care whether you've a bit o' paper called a certificate or not?"

Hannah did not reply. She only pressed harder on the treadle of the sewing machine and thought a good deal. By and by, her step-mother returned to the attack:

"If I were you I'd jist go an' write him a note an' tell him as you'd like to see him to-night so's as you can explain the whole consarn."

"Not to-day mother. Say no more about it for a little while."

That very night she received a letter from the Inspector stating that on his return from a visiting tour, having to search for a certain document, he found several sheets of foolscap on Grammar and Composition, written by her at the recent examination, and which, it was quite evident had been entirely overlooked in the scrutiny of the papers; that he had immediately conferred with the secretary, and felt perfectly satisfied that as soon as the other members of the Board became aware of the facts her certificate would be issued. In a semi-ecstatic state, let us leave her for a few days till we return to No. 7.

CHAPTER XIII.

It is most discreditably to this fair province, that in the majority of school sections, unless some question of expenditure has to be discussed, it is almost impossible to get a well-attended school-meeting. Instances are known of where the deepest, bitterest feelings of a whole neighborhood have been aroused, by the proposal of the trustees to purchase maps to the value of five or ten dollars. The mere mention of a picket-fence in front of the school once put a whole section into convulsions. A suggestion to increase the teacher's salary will certainly prove the theme of many denunciations against the 'Board' at all the threshing bees for miles round. Since the Inspector had issued a mild protest against huddling from

forty to fifty and sometimes even sixty pupils in a low-roofed, unplastered, and badly furnished log-building, 20x22 feet, it is quite easy to imagine that next Friday a week, after the school closed nearly every rate-payer in No. 7 was present at the meeting to hear what was to be said in favor of improvements, and fully resolved to "vote agin them."

At the regular school-meeting on the second Wednesday in January, when *no more important business than the election of a trustee* had to be done, there was only one person present besides the Board, so that to give the proceedings an air of respectability, a rate-payer was stopped on his way to market, and asked to tie his team to the fence for a few minutes and go in until the election was concluded!

What wonder then, that the public schools of Ontario are so often under the control of illiterate intriguers for office—of men who find trusteeship a convenient way of gaining cheap popularity or notoriety in sufficient measure to make councilorship more easy of attainment—of men, who, having this object in view, find that it *pays* to 'run' the school at a starvation figure, so far as both teacher and scholar are concerned.

CHAPTER XIV.

No. 7, not to be coerced by either law or inspector into doing that which did not seem right in its own eyes, voted Mr. Lloyd Jones into the chair, much to the chagrin of Mr. Turner, who naturally expected to occupy that conspicuous position.

Of course, No. 7, in making Mr. Jones chairman, knew perfectly well what it was about, for this gentlemen (and he did like to be thought a gentleman) was one of the largest rate-payers not only in the section but in the township, and whose breadth of intellect was in inverse ratio to the extent of his acres. Barely able to read and write, and as lazy as he was portly, he had managed by marriage and other lucky hits, not only to pay for one farm, but to purchase a number of others. Having once been stable-boy to a nobleman, he selected the church and political creed of that personage for his own, professing to look with pity on all who held contrary views, although when he found it necessary to curry favor he has been known to condescend so far as to acknowledge that he had been "born in a Methodist cradle" himself. This was his rendering of the phrase "cradle of Methodism" which he had heard a missionary employ on one occasion, at a meeting of the Society for the Extirpation of Vice among the Mona Cymri.

On taking the chair, Mr. Jones, who prided himself upon his ability to make an English speech, as much as upon being

what he called 'a self-made man' said "Well shentleman, I was feel highly honor, by the place you confer on me to-day. I am always please to meet frients, always, 'specially agriculture frients. As you all know, I am an agriculture myself. Been agriculture now upwards forty years, and more. Agriculture the bone and sinew of this country. (Hear, hear!) When I leave Angleshire in Wales, forty years 'go, where was oll the trees we cut? (hear, hear?) Where was the wolf that steal the shickens and the sheeps? Where was oll our wifes and shildren? (hear, hear!) Nowhere. Now we have shurches and schools and we are meet here to see 'bout the school. I am sorry to say Mr. McTayish is now no more in heaven I hope, or he could have explain to you oll about it, (hear, hear!) This is not so bad a school-house at oll. When I was live with Sir Hugh Thomas in North Wales, this was ten times better school we had them days. I don't see no fault 'toll at oll with, school. (hear, hear!) Seems to me, world's going too fast oltogether, 'zackly, (hear, hear!) Seems to me this gover'ment is push things too far with new laws. Want to make oll young folks too wise, oltogether. (hear, hear!) Never went to school six months oll my days—never. My 'pinion is too much reading now. Spoils boys for do work on the farm, 'zackly. If I was elect trustee, I would write Mr. Crooks, and leave school-house spite of inspector so as it is, 'zackly. That's just what I think. These few remarks I take my seat."

Rounds of applanse greeted Mr. Lloyd Jones as he concluded what he regarded a 'great effort' and so it was. He didn't smile as might have been expected, when he saw how well his remarks had been taken, he simply tried to look wiser than usual, and blew his nose, the best way possible without a pocket-handkerchief.

Just in time to hear the latter part of Mr. Jones's speech, a little, old, dark-complexioned, Jewish-looking man had entered the school-room, and remained standing, unnoticed, near the door. As he listened to the remarks of the chairman, bewilderment, astonishment, amazement and contempt, seemed to be striving for the mastery over the features of his strongly-marked, and nervously twitched countenance. When the clatter of 'stogies' in honor of Jones's ignorant rant had ceased, the little old man gave the person standing nearest to him, a punch in the side and asked in a manner somewhat excited and loud enough to be heard by every one in the room if *any body* had a right to speak there. On hearing this, some one shouted "Dixon, Dixon." The 'bone and sinew' immediately, as usual, took up the cry, continuing to call "Dixon" until the little old man felt it necessary to respond, by pushing his way to the

side of the chairman. Seizing his hat vigorously by the crown, with his left hand, he stowed it away under his right arm, and pushed both hands deeply into his breeches' pockets. For a moment or two he pursed his lips, winked very hard, cleared his throat, moved his feet a good deal, put his hat on again, took it off once more, placing it this time on the opposite side, made a big swallow, and launched forth: "Mr. Chairman, I suppose you have heard of Rip Van Winkle? (the chairman said he had, but he hadn't.) Well, gentlemen, when I came in here to-day and heard the stuff and nonsense Mr. Jones was talking, I felt just like Rip Van Winkle." The 'bone and sinew' now began to feel sorry for having called "Dixon" so lustily "I tell you, gentlemen, that any man who talks like him, I mean like Mr. Jones, is either a rogue or a fool, or both." Had the audience been possessed of a little more experience, they would, at this point in Mr. Dixon's speech, have shouted "No, no," or "Oh, oh!" but as they never heard anything in the exclamatory line, at a public meeting, except "hear, hear," and taking that to mean always 'them's my sentiments' they simply sat, gaped, and said nothing. "Gentlemen," continued Mr. Dixon, "are we, in this nineteenth century, in a country like Canada, in a province like Ontario, to be told that the world is moving too fast, that the young people read too much, and that a man may become too wise to live on a farm?"

"Will you sit here, and cheer a person who tells you that because *he* never attended school longer than six months, we should all remain as ignorant as he is, or as I fancy he must be? And how, in the name of common sense, can you agree with any one who tries to convince you that this miserable, old, tumble-down log concern, for I can't call it a house, is a fit place for our children to spend six hours a day in, while at home we have improved our dwellings and their surroundings as our means increased? Why, Mr. Chairman you yourself have a more comfortable place—a house of stone and lime—for a pig-pen! (This allusion rather pleased the chairman, than otherwise.) "I tell you, gentlemen," said Mr. Dixon, "I, for one, don't want to treat children worse than cattle. As you all know, my family has outgrown school life, but I am as willing to pay my share of the taxes to erect a new building here for the youngsters, as if I had a dozen of them to send to school." Mr. Dixon put his hat on energetically, gave his head two or three shakes and edged off towards a window-sill. A few boys thumped on one of the desks, as he wound up his plea for the scholars, but this demonstration was speedily frowned down by "the parents and guardians."

The last speaker, who had received in the Old Country what

is called a liberal education, was a comparative stranger in Rexville, having come to reside only two years before, in S. S. No. 7. Previous to this time his voice had scarcely been heard on public question, so that when he came out squarely on the building movement, as he did that day, in language, as truthful, as it was severe, he caused quite 'a shaking among the dry bones' and at least half-convinced a good many that a new school-house wouldn't be a bad thing after all if they "could only see how it was to be paid for."

Mr. Jacob Schuntz, here took occasion to say that he had in his possession a letter from the inspector addressed to Mr. McTavish, and which he had not thought it well to open until he had seen "Mr. Durner" and guessed it might be a "goot blan" to see what was in it now. He then handed to the chairman, the letter in question, which was in the following language, "Board of Pub. Sch. Trustees, No. 7 Rexville, Gentlemen, by virtue of the authority vested in me by the school Act, I have to inform you that unless you provide the necessary amount of space for all the pupils in your section, viz. 300 cub. feet per head the legislative grant will be withdrawn and t'is will entail a loss to your section annually of \$40.00."

Poor Mr. Jones was sorry, very sorry, that Schuntz hadn't left the letter at home, or, at least given it to Turner to read, for, to use one of his own expressions, "reading write was not his *fork*" With much difficulty, although the penmanship was remarkably round and plain, he managed to read aloud as far as the words, "in your section." "Viz." he could make nothing of at all. Pausing a little, he was astonished as he read to himself what appeared to be something about "cub's feet," yes, "300 cub's feet, no doubt 't oll at oll." Following close on the heels of the "feet," was "head" and unfortunately for his scholarship the words "legislature" and "entail" being both last on the lines and divided after their first syllables, he became more and more muddled to notice "leg" at the end of one line, and "tail" at the beginning of another. Very wisely, he resolved to skip what he couldn't understand, and simply announced that the section would lose "Four Thousand Dollars."

To the present day, it is a profound mystery to Mr. Jones, why the inspector in that letter went so far out of his way, when writing about a new school house, as to allude to heads and tails, legs and feet, in such a totally uncalled-for manner. Only one explanatory theory has ever entered the mind of the worthy Jones, and that is "S'pose inspector must been drunk."

The mere mention of a loss to the section of "Four Thousand Dollars" fell on the audience like a thunder-clap. Those who couldn't see a few minutes before, how a new building

was to be paid for, had their sight cleared amazingly, and a resolution was at length carried "That we leave the building alone and elect a new trustee, and leave the business to the board."

CHAPTER XV.

Mr. Lloyd Jones was, within a few minutes thereafter, elected by a show of hands to fill the vacancy in the board, and the meeting broke up. The trustees remained behind to have an official talk, and while they are so engaged, let us examine narrowly, the school-house of "No. 7."

It was a typical, pioneer, Canadian educational edifice, that is to say it was built of logs, in eight tiers, and almost formed a square being by outside measurement, twenty-two feet long, and twenty in breadth. In the centre of each side a hole had been cut, that facing the road being occupied by a door, and each of the others by a window. The roof was a cottage one, with a chimney projecting from the peak. Owing to the nature of the foundation, such as it had, two sides of the building had settled considerably more than the others, forcibly suggesting to the passer-by, the idea of tipsiness. Inside, everything was in keeping with the exterior. Two or three feet of the rafters had been coved to provide head room, and, *perhaps*, breathing-space, but the single coat of plaster had fallen off in large rectangular patches, revealing rows of split cedar lath, differing but little, so far as color was concerned, from the plaster which covered the *other patches* of what had once been ceiling. The 'chinking' was anything but sound, so that here and there a streak of daylight might be seen through the walls. The largest crevice of this kind was obscured with a map of Africa, showing the Mountains of the Moon, whilst a smaller one was almost hidden by the British Isles, having a hole punched in the middle of Ireland, through which a few beams of light penetrated every afternoon. *There was no map of Canada!* Nearly half of the rear window was occupied by a small black-board about twenty-four inches long and eighteen inches wide, and beside it lay a piece of chalk not much larger than a walnut. Two such *lumps* usually lasted "No. 7" half-a-year. The seats and desks were on the old regulation plan—remarkably chiefly for height and longitudinality. A few of the desks were double, permitting scholars to sit facing each other, and not unfrequently, to sit kicking each other. It would be quite superfluous to say that these articles of furniture were not so smooth as when the carpenter finished them. The stove occupied the middle of the floor, whilst between it

and the back window stood the teacher's desk, and a high, three-legged stool. With the exception of a good many cobwebs overhead, and a large quantity of ink on the well-worn and patched floor, there was nothing else about the room at all noticeable. The ground on which the building stood comprised about one eighth of an acre, and was fenced with rails on three sides, being open to the road. There was no well on the premises, and nothing approaching to decency in the way of outhouses. Such was the condition of things, to remedy which the educational authorities were exerting themselves, of whom, the good, wise Mr. Lloyd Jones declared they "were pushing things too far, altogether, 'zackly."

Foreign readers, (and thousands of them will peruse this story) may without difficulty understand why many rural school sites in Ontario are so limited in area, when it is explained that land, in most places, where schools are established, can seldom be purchased for less than one dollar per acre, and occasionally costs as much as fifty or sixty dollars for the same quantity!

CHAPTER XVI.

When Miss Pollock first went to the county-town, in company with some other young ladies, for the purpose of standing an examination, she became acquainted with a young man named Nicholas Colton, at the hotel where they 'put up.' Colton was a provincial land surveyor who had but recently passed his own examination, and learning the object of their visit, he gallantly offered, during the course of conversation, to assist them in a general review of subjects, on the only evening preceding their appearance before the "Beard of Education," for at that time, one day was considered quite enough to spend in testing the qualifications of common school teachers. Not long afterwards, the greater part of a week was found to be necessary.

Hannah Pollock and three friends, one of whom formerly knew Mr. Colton, gladly accepted the opportunity and were benefited not a little by the short course of *cram* that followed. From that night Nicholas Colton was over head and ears in love with Hannah Pollock. Four months afterwards he went away to the North Shore of Lake Superior, on a survey of mining lands and for the next two years, frequent correspondence was carried on between them.

But one day she received from the dead letter office at Ottawa, a note which she had addressed to her "Very Own Dear Nicholas" at Sault Ste Marie fully four months previous.

Of course she never for a moment doubted Colton's faithfulness, and upon no theory but that of his death could she account for the break in their correspondence. During their direct intercourse he had not mentioned his place of birth, nor had he said anything to her with reference to his relatives or their residence—in fact, now that she thought of it, he had studiously avoided everything in conversation that might lead to these subjects. Her present position was one of considerable difficulty, not unmingled with pain. Plighted to Colton and importuned by Dr. Rose, ardently desirous of hearing from the former, and not daring either to accept the latter or to give him any explanation; out of a situation, and not wishing to remain at the only place she could call 'home'—with her step-mother, she knew not which way to turn. By dint of good management, which in her case was synonymous with self-denial, she had, during the three years she was "hired," (what a vile word in this connection!) saved nearly \$50. Yes, she had been wearied and worried, fretted and annoyed, not for six hours daily, as so many well-meaning but thoughtless people suppose, but for sixteen hours every day, planning for this class and arranging for the other; devising schemes for teaching a dull little boy the difference between *b* and *d*, or between *p* and *q*; thinking out how to elucidate the mysteries of the multiplication table for the benefit of some ten or twelve-year old gap-tender; cudgeling her brains for easy methods of teaching 'parts of speech,' or the geographical definitions; puzzling how to conquer kindly the bad boy of the school, or how to secure and enforce discipline generally; studying the various methods of fixing pupils' attention; of gaining their confidence and teaching them to think, and in the preparation of the next day's work for presentation to the classes in a mentally palatable and digestible form. Six hours, indeed!

"Ah! but," says Mrs. Doopelsnipe, triumphantly, "she had all her Saturdays, Good Friday, Queen's Birthday, Dominion Day, a week at Christmas and four weeks in summer, so I think she's mighty well off. I've got to stay on the farm, year in and year out, and I ain't half so well paid neither."

My dear, good Mrs. Doopelsnipe, you are certainly not aware that active, anxious thought uses up more life-stuff in five minutes, than would suffice to churn bad butter all day every day for a week, or to do the washing for a family of thirteen four times a month. You would probably not believe that the teacher who spends six hours daily in an ill-ventilated school room, and with his mind at full stretch more than half of the time, chiefly owing to the rude behavior of all *your neighbors*'

badly brought up youngsters, consumes more brain material than does Mr. Abraham Doopelsnipe while trudging behind his team as he ploughs crooked furrows over the whole of a ten acre field. Yet all this is so, Mrs. Doopelsnipe, and the *rest* that teachers get, (but much of which is in reality not rest,) is absolutely necessary to make even a short life supportable, or a long one possible. However, you are not to blame Mrs. Doopelsnipe, for after all, you are only repeating the croakings of Mr. Doopelsnipe, and who ought to know better than he?

Miss Pollock was a systematic young woman. She was also thoroughly independent in all her feelings. She, therefore, at the outset of her school ma'amism in Rexville determined for at least one year, to keep a strict account of her expenditure.

The following are the items in bulk without reference to dates :

Board, 10 months @ \$7.50.....	\$75.00
Subscription and Contributions to Church.....	5.00
Books and Stationery for School Work.....	5.00
Attending Tea-meetings and Socials.....	1.00
School Magazines.....	3.00
2 Trips to Teachers' Associations with travelling and other Expenses.....	3.00
Other Travelling expenses.....	5.00
Clothing, Hats, Boots, Repairs etc.....	60.00
Postage, Medicine and Sundries.....	2.70
	<hr/>
	\$159.00
Salary.....	175.00
	<hr/>
Balance.....	\$16.00

This shows a balance of sixteen dollars in her favor, but does not take into account her two months' board at home, for which her stepmother made no charge because of the assistance Hannah rendered in making, mending, patching and knitting for the young Pollocks, as well as in performing chores generally.

Yes, Miss Pollock actually saved per month during three years, not of toil merely, but of toil and *worry*, exactly one dollar and thirty-three cents? Had she not been a clever needlewoman, thanks to the practical good sense of both her mother and stepmother, the whole of her beggarly salary would scarcely have sufficed to maintain her respectably, even though she had given nothing to the church, and nothing for professional literature.

Still the Doopelsnipes survive. There are two or more in every school section. Without doubt, their existence is not only permitted but encouraged for some wise but inscrutable purpose, perhaps to prevent teachers from becoming too proud, as they would be prone to do, if, feeling themselves in accord-

ance with the requirements of an advertisement, to be "well qualified," they, at the same time received more than would suffice to keep body and soul together! Some teachers under favorable circumstances might refuse to spend their holidays in the harvest-field, others might be desirous of forming a library, or of spending forty or fifty dollars in a trip to Lake Superior or down the St. Lawrence, and where would this sort of thing be likely to end? Eh, Mrs. Doopelsnipe! But Miss Pollock has no intention of spending her money in any such foolish way—she simply saved, providentially.

CHAPTER XVII.

Messrs. Jones, Turner and Schuntz, when left to themselves at the close of the public meeting, were not in what is usually understood to be an ecstatic frame of mind. Jones although far from being satisfied with the proceedings, was too conceitedly opinionative to acknowledge even to himself that had he played the part of an ignoramus! Mr. Turner was 'mad' because Jones had been 'histed' over his head, into the chair, and glad that Dixon had so well peppered the Welshman! Mr. Schuntz didn't know what to think as yet he required a day or two's solid meditation and some sleep—meanwhile he was chewing vigorously, as, indeed, was Mr. Turner, and both of them apparently as if they had met for the purpose of doing nothing else.

When Mr. Jones broke silence with "Well, shentlemen," they both looked at him and then at each other, but said nothing, indeed they had not been asked to speak, for when a person says "Well, shentlemen," he may intend to make a speech himself. But it was evident that Mr. Jones meant "Well shentlemen to be an interrogatory, for, after a pause, he continued, "What we going to do?"

What Mr. Turner wanted them to do was to make him chairman of the board, but this was precisely the position Mr. Jones hankered after himself. Mr. Turner wished the chairmanship for the honor of the thing—Mr. Jones for the honor and the handling of the funds (especially in view of a new building) for chairman, secretary and treasurer in No. 7 were "Three single gentlemen rolled into one."

Mr. Schuntz didn't care which of them got it, he, at any rate, did not long for it.

Mr. Jones remarked with hesitancy that he "Spouse first thing iss to lect Shairman of board," and nodding knowingly at Mr. Schuntz, suggested that he was "best man to make motion."

Mr. Schuntz did not lay any such "flattering unction to his soul" as Mr. Jones intended he should; he was simply anxious to get home as soon as possible to his stable duties, so in the interval between expectations, he found time to say:

"Yah, I dinks so, and I move dot Mr. Shones be Shairmans."

Mr. Jones appeared delighted, but said he didn't know that he was the best man. Mr. Turner was also a good business man, "just so good ass myself, efery bit, zackly," still if they were determined to make him (Jones) chairman, he didn't mind, although it would take up much of his time, he wouldn't care about that if it was to be for the good of the "young and rise generation." This was a pet phrase of his?

Mr. Turner, with an eye to future councilorship, wanted the "sit" badly, but had almost given up all hope of securing it, when a happy thought struck him—Jones had not taken the declaration of office! He mentioned this with apparent unconcern, adding that he would "prefer Jones gittin the chair, only for that, because "it wouldn't be legal, nohow." Mr. Jones contended that the declaration of office was only a piece of "red crape," (he meant red tape, perhaps) and was "no use 't oll at oll," and that he could "just do just so well without no declaration, zackly."

Mr. Schuntz then said he would move that Mr. Turner be chairman. Mr. Jones said he would vote for Turner only for the principle of the thing, and that Schuntz had no right to withdraw his first motion. Mr. Schuntz said it was his motion and he could do anything he pleased with it, and if they didn't do "somedings pooty soon," he was going home. Mr. Jones thought that was the best thing they could do. Mr. Turner thought it wasn't, and when Mr. Jones appealed to Mr. Schuntz, Mr. Schuntz declared he wouldn't go home till they "made a Shairman" if he had to stay all night! Again he moved in favor of Turner; Mr. Turner seconded the motion, and declared himself elected. Mr. Jones said Turner was no "Shentleman," and Mr. Turner retorted that he didn't care a blank whether he was or not, he was chairman of No. 7, anyhow.

Mr. Jones went off grumbling about "red crape," and "sheatery," leaving his two brothers in office to make arrangements for procuring a new teacher.

They decided to advertise once more, this time to ask for either a "male or female," the applicants to state salary required.

Turner thought "some young chap might be glad of the job for less nor they had been paying all along of old McTavish, who was a mighty sight flusher with other folks, money nor he was with his own." And Schuntz said, "Yah, dot's so."

They agreed to meet ten days hence for the selection of a teacher, and to discuss the new school-house question.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The residence of Mr. Philip Martin was an instance of a house being divided against itself, the nominal head of the family throwing all the blame of Polly Ann's discomfiture on every body but Polly Ann, and the real head declaring fifty times a day that "Gals wasn't of much account now-a-days," and that when she "was a gal she'd 'a teached that school in spite 'o sin."

On the Monday following Polly Ann's retreat, the daily hubbub in Mr. Martin's kitchen was at its height when Polly Ann observed the Rev. Mr. Horrocks in the lane, on his way to the house. Mr. Martin put away his pipe; Manmy Martin slicked her hair hastily, wiped her face with the corner of a damp towel, and put on a clean apron, while Miss Polly Ann went off to her own room, resolving to remain there until the reverend gentleman took his departure.

By the time that Phil Martin reached the front door in obedience to the clerical knock, the Rev. Josiah Horrocks had formed the horse-shoe wrinkle over his nose, and thrown himself into position.

"Ah? good afternoon, Brother Martin, how *do* you do? I'm delighted to see you. And how is the good sister, Mrs. Martin? Yes, thank you, I will step in for a brief period, a very brief one indeed; I merely desired to—(eh yah)—that is to say, to make a short call, as I was on my way past."

"We're allus glad to see our pasture," said Mr. Martin, "an' I often says to myself, says I, 'what kind of a miserable, sinful world would this 'ere be, anyhow, if it wasn't for our churches and pastures?'"

"My dear brother, it is exceedingly gratifying to hear you give expression to such views, and (eh yah) I am truly sorry that I am called upon to deplore very frequently, ah, yes I quite too much so, the laxity of moral principle which seems to actuate so many, so very many, of our fellow-beings who are (eh yah) on the highway to eternity, unable to say in the words of the poet, "When I can read my title clear," and who fail utterly to perceive the immense debt of gratitude under which they lay (*sic*) to their spiritual advisers, who 'pray without ceasing' for the welfare of their flocks, desiring that 'all may stand, a happy band' at the final ultimatum of things sub-lunary, and (eh yah)—— but here comes our good sister. How *do* you do, Sister Martin?"

"Lawk-a-daisy," began Mammy Martin, and she always began so, when either very happy or very sad. Just now she was not very happy.

"Lawk-a-daisy! Brother Horrocks, I ain't more 'n half well. my sperrits is very low, an' I may as well tell you, 'cos you're our minister, an' who should I tell it to, if not to you that has knowed us off an' on now, goin' on three years? that I feel awful took down 'bout Polly Ann." (Here Mammy Martin began to weep bitterly as she buried her face in her clean apron.) "All them Pollocks, an' Purkisses, an' Dixons, an' Doopelsnipes an' everybody 'll crow like sin; I'll be 'shamed to go to meetin', their young ones 'll tease the life out of ours, pr'aps Polly Ann 'll git took sick, an' I'll die of a broken heart, an' I wish I was dead anyhow, an' that I was never beru in this wicked world, but it's ail for the best, I 'spose, an' I must larn to bear the burden, an' to look for suckers (succor?) in 'a house not made with hands' as Solomon says."

The Rev. Mr. Horrocks declared that he was "deeply grieved," that he was "truly sorry, truly sorry indeed," that "the result was greatly to be deplored," and so on, still he had no doubt "as the good sister had very truly and wisely remarked, 'it was all for the best' and most assuredly the concurrence of events would prove the sensibility (*sic*) of the good sister's observation, for were we not all 'born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards'? Ah, yes, indeed."

Mr. Horrocks then kindly enquired for Miss Martin herself, and was informed by her mother that "Polly Ann wasn't fit to be seen, she's jist went to skin an' bone, an' doesn't never leave her room on no account."

Phil Martin was afraid of the organ question cropping up, because he had not mentioned either to Mammy or Polly Ann the offer he had made of the latter's musical services as instrumental performer to the choir, but the Rev. Mr. Horrocks kindly forbore referring to this matter; indeed he had been assured in several quarters recently, that Polly Ann Martin's musical attainments had barely reached the stage of "Mary to the Saviour's Tomb," and under the circumstances he preferred to make it appear that he refrained from alluding to the subject from motives of delicacy.

Just as Mr. Phil was about express himself on the situation with as much force as was permissible in the presence of the minister, Jerusha Martin entered the room timidly but unceremoniously and intimated that a 'fellow' was outside, and wanted to see 'Horrocks.'

Mammy Martin said "Shame on ye, Jerusha! say *Mr.* Hor-

rocks," and Jerusha, quite unabashed, said, "well, Mr. Horrocks then."

The reverend gentleman was glad of an excuse to leave without saying a word about the repairs he wanted at the parsonage, and to talk about which was his main reason for making the call.

Apologizing for want of time to engage in 'family exercise' he quoted a few comforting texts for the benefit of "good sister Martin" bade Phil and Mammy an unctuously affectionate "good bye" and went out to meet the "fellow" who proved to be the son of the Rev. Simeon Haivers of the Kirk of Scotland in Harden village. Young Haivers had a note from his father, desiring to see the Rev. Mr. Horrocks "on a matter of extreme urgency" that evening at 7 o'clock.

CHAPTER XIX.

On the Saturday previous to the day of the Rev. Josiah Horrocks' pastoral call on the Martins, Miss Pollock had received from the Inspector a Second Class Certificate, accompanying which was a private note from the Board of Examiners apologizing for the mistake that had been made, and expressing regret for the consequent trouble and inconvenience to Miss Pollock. One of her difficulties was thus removed, and so far as her relations to Dr. Rose were concerned, it now remained only that she should be fully assured regarding the existence of Nicholas Colton. Even on this point she was not permitted to be long in doubt.

From a fragment of the *Manitoba Free Press*, apparently three or four months old, and which came into her hands as the wrapping paper of a small purchase made in the village the Thursday after the receipt of her certificate, she learned enough to satisfy her, not only that the perfidious Colton was alive, but that he had grossly insulted her by marrying a squaw! It booted little to her that the *Free Press* in its local column referred to the "squaw" as the "young, beautiful, and highly educated daughter of Wild Bull In The Muskey, the principal Cree Chief of the Northwest." "Young, beautiful, and highly educated" indeed! The bare idea was shocking, and Miss Pollock very properly felt highly shocked,—Colton was a low, mean, vile, nasty, insinuating wretch, and she was much mistaken if he did not live to rue his choice of the dusky maiden—But she didn't care a bit, no, —she was just as good as he was and a great deal better too, and she would write and tell him so—no she wouldn't either, it might please him, and she hated him with all her might, as she did—but

he would find out yet—yes he would—and she would never think of him any more, never, never, never! no, not if she lived a hundred years—and she would burn up every scrap of his writing, and tear his photograph into a thousand shreds, and she hoped he would—— but language failed here, giving place to convulsive sobs and copious streams of bitter, bitter, tears.

Next day she resolved to apply for her old situation in No. 7, and to ask for an increase of salary to the amount of twenty-five dollars. Under any circumstances she was now prepared to close with the overtures of Dr. Rose, for even if she got the school she felt that she would be able to hold it, if not until the end of the year, at any rate until midsummer.

In due time Messrs. Turner, Schuntz and Jones met to deliberate (?) on the choice of a teacher, and the erection of a new school-house. Mr. Jones had taken the declaration of office, and now assumed all the airs necessary to support the dignity of a trustee, especially of one who had been shabbily and cruelly wronged in the matter of the chairman-secretary-treasurership.

As the new act had been in force for about a year, it was not only more imperative than formerly that proper school accommodation should be provided for *every pupil in the section*, but, owing to increased 'toughness' of Teachers' Examinations, and the consequent failure of many hitherto successful candidates for certificates, the applications for situations were not nearly so numerous as in time past.

On this occasion the choice of No. 7 was limited to four—two of each sex. Miss Pollock offered her services for \$200 per annum, stating in her application that she thought it unnecessary to send any recommendations. Miss Minnie Annette Josephine Macorquodale held a Normal School certificate, and was willing "to undertake the duties for the sum of \$300 a year." She forwarded testimonials from fifteen clergymen, three inspectors, and eight trustees. Mr. J. Sylvester Hawkins (when a school-boy he always wrote his name, Jared S. Hawkins, but he was "toney" now) also held Normal School papers—and would teach for a salary of \$400 per annum, on condition that the trustees employed some one to light the fire, and to sweep the room daily. He spoke about the value of his "recommends" (is that a specimen of Normal School culture?) his experience, his "marks," etc., and forwarded printed copies of testimonials from twenty-two ministers, eighteen trustees, six inspectors, two normal school masters, one drill-sergeant, one writing master and two 'professors' of music. Besides these "recommends" he possessed "a highly valuable diploma

from one of the first and *formost* Commercial Colleges in this country."

Mr. W. Horatio Somers (he was probably called "Bill" around home) we mention last, not, by any means because he was least, according to his own 'tell.' He wrote as follows:—"Gentlemen, seeing that you are in want of a teacher by the "Globe" of the ninth I write to say I am open to make an engagement in any first-class institution. I have taught *successively* in several schools and always without a rival. As the trustees of this section and also of other sections wish to retain my services, I trust you will make no delay in making known to me the result of your deliberations.

Should you think fit to give me the appointment and I think you will, I will conduct the school in accordance with law in such a way as I am sure it has never been conducted before. I will not take less than Two Hundred Dollars say \$200 per annum* "

Accompanying this modest application were recommendations and testimonials almost *ad infinitum* certainly *ad nauseam*. Ministers, signatures figured largely, of course, trustees' scarcely less so, and nondescripts' generally, to an alarming extent.

The "Rev. M. Oliver Twiddleton, M.A., LL.D., Ox.," certified, "I have known Mr. W. H. Somers for some time, and I have no hesitation whatever in declaring him to be an estimable person. He taught in Millsbury with great acceptance to the entire community for nearly a year. I have always heard him referred to in terms of the most highly complimentary character. As a member of St. Oriel's and a laborer in the Sunday School field he was most indefatigable. I can confidently recommend him to any board of Trustees as an intelligent gentleman, of unimpeachable moral rectitude, an admirable disciplinarian, kind but firm in the management of his youthful pupils, and deeply enamoured of the work to which he has consecrated his talents and energies.

The Parsonage of St. Oriel's."

CHAPTER XX.

To those who "know the ropes" it will not appear at all singular to be told that notwithstanding the tone of the Rev. M. Oliver Twiddleton's testimonial, Mr. W. Horatio Somers was, without exception, the most ignominious failure that ever handled a pointer in the Millsbury school. None but the village carpenter and bookseller (both of whom were church-wardens)

*This is a true copy of a real application.

had cause to regret the departure of Mr. Somers, for during his *regime*, if such it could be called, mob law was triumphant both in and out of school. Gates, fences, doors, desks and windows suffered in the universal scrimmage; lath and plaster offered but slight resistance to the violent impact of stones and ink-bottles, slung by frolicsome or pugnacious pupils; maps were speedily *dismounted* and books playfully *unbound* to supply the active demand for arms and missiles in carrying on mimic warfare either under the very nose of Mr. W. Horatio Somers, or so little remote from his whereabouts that he might have witnessed the encounters had he been so disposed. But he was not so disposed. In fact, he had arrived at the conclusion that whether as a peace-maker, or as a strictly neutral observer, the probabilities were that he would be more severely wounded than the combatants themselves. This was his experience, for being a bulky fellow naturally offered a good deal of obstruction to any "passage of arms" projected through the air, or otherwise!

Now, the Rev. Mr. Twiddleton knew about this state of affairs, or he did not. In either case he was equally culpable. Had he availed himself of the privilege conferred by law upon clergymen of all denominations, to visit the school from time to time, or to arrange with the trustees for the use of the room at stated intervals, that he might indoctrinate the pupils of his own denomination, he could hardly have failed to ascertain the "true inwardness" of the "situation."

He had not, however, done anything of the sort, and yet no man in the province denounced more loudly than he what he called "the utterly Godless system of education." But he stood not alone.

In this 'howl' the Rev. Oliver Twiddleton, M. A., I. L. D. Ox. of St. Oriel's was joined most lustily by the Rev. Charles Wesley Gubbin of Mount Zion, the Rev. Simeon Haivers of the Auld Kirk, Dr. Andrew Macsnorer of Knox Church and others 'of that ilk.'

Derelict of laborious (when inglorious) duty, the ministers have left to humanitarian laymen of the present century the arduous task of educating the people to the practical application of those precepts of the Master upon which they have continued to deliver utterances, from the pulpit, in the shape of stale and weary platitudes, week by week through all the tedious years. Paid, often poorly, no doubt, but still paid as workers, they have too frequently proved drones, conservative to a degree, they have gone on in the performance of some given round of duties, a yearly revival peradventure, forming part of the programme. Clogged in the March of Intellect, by dogmas, and re-

posing in ruts along the way, our spiritual guides in the Path of Life have been overtaken and passed by the lay apostles of Negro Emancipation, of Religious Toleration, of Prison Reform, of Sunday School Work, of Temperance, of Young Men's Christian Associations, Salvation Armies, of Labor Movements, of Social Reconstruction, and of Political Franchise.

Doing absolutely nothing for a time in favor of these projects, (if indeed they have not actually created obstructions,) as soon as the first gleam of success appears on the horizon, the reverend gentlemen catch up one by one, and fall quietly into line, until, when success is unmistakably achieved, their hosannas are heard high and loud beyond those of the fatigued way-faring laborers, who, having removed all obstructions, now quietly submit to the self-complacent claim of the erstwhile laggards, to all the glory and honor connected with the given movement from its inception to its completion.

CHAPTER XXI.

Painfully conscious that their influence with the masses is weakening from day to day, and professing to view with alarm a steady increase of immorality, the clergy gratulate themselves upon having performed *their* duty; that no blame lies at *their* door, for have they not preached twice every Sunday (or *Sabbath*, as the case may be) held a weekly prayer-meeting, taught a Bible Class of ten or a dozen (young ladies chiefly) and done something by way of pastoral visitation?

They fail, nevertheless, to perceive that hebdomadal iterations about Regeneration, Predestination, and Entire Sanctification do little or nothing in favor of parental authority or filial respect—the ground-work of all good government. Not perceiving this they jump to the conclusion that to the "Godless Public Schools" is due the whole blame! Upon them rests the fearful responsibility! The "system" is censurable for the presence of children on the streets during hours of darkness; for the loud and profane conversation of the home-circle; for the trashy five and ten cent sensation novels; for the vile articles in newspapers giving the detail of suicides, murders, abortions, seductions and divorces, to say nothing about the suggestive advertisements; and for the glaring inconsistencies in the "walk and conversation" of Sunday School Teachers and others to whom children naturally look for example as well as precept!

Never was a cry indicative of more imbecility on the part of the bawlers than that of those who shout "The Bible in the Public Schools." There is perhaps at present scarcely a school

in Ontario where the principles of Christian morality are not taught in some practical shape many times daily, aside from the *formal* opening and closing exercises. But this is not enough. To lighten the labors of the already overwrought minister, unassisted as he is by other agencies (!) the Bible must be made a text-book. Well be it so. We shall next hear of dissensions in school-sections, and of a demand for denominational schools. Advertisements like this will be in order, think of it :—

“Teacher, for S. S. No. 12½ Canton township, must be a Presbyterian in good standing. Will be expected to act as Precentor and take charge of the Sabbath School. Salary \$300 a year with prospects of an increase, because although the section is new and small, it is situated in an old and wealthy part of the country, and may be expected to improve.”

Or this :—

“Teacher Wanted.—Good Class Leader and Bass Singer preferred, for Hollerton Public School. Must be well recommended by the Chairman of the District in which applicant last taught. If a young man and in preparation for the ministry, arrangements can be made for him to board at the parsonage. Salary \$25 per month while school is open.”

Or this :—

“The United Brethren in Christ, of old School Section No. 9. Machaching, having succeeded in forming a new section of twelve families for the purpose of conducting a school according to the pure and primeval tenets of the Church are anxious to meet with a suitable young man or woman, holding a third class certificate, who will take charge of the school. Salary made known on application. Must apply personally.

The Twiddleton's, Macsnorers, Haivers and Gubbins seem to think this state of things “a consummation devoutly to be wished,” although they have not attempted to show either that our population generally is more criminal than that of countries where the Bible is a text book, or, that amongst ourselves, schools, in which strictly religious instructions largely predominate, turn out a better class of citizens than do those in which religious and moral teaching is purely incidental.

But this is a digression.

For testimonial purposes, the Rev. M. Oliver Twiddleton, M.A., LL.D., Ox., did not think it at all necessary to know anything about the school ; he had simply met Mr. W. Horatio Somers a good many times, never heard anything bad about him, knew him as a Sunday School teacher, and communicant, and was desirous of helping him in so far as paper, pen and ink were concerned.

Nobody seems to think it any harm to lie downright in testimonial form, the result being that trustees of long standing place but little faith in recommendations; new trustees, however, and they form the majority, are frequently "taken in and done for" by means of these mendacious documents. The value of the really deserving teacher's testimonials is thereby relatively lessened, for, to the discernment of a board where all the applicants are strangers, his papers are no whit better than (perhaps not so good as) those of persons like Mr. W. Horatio Somers.

"Well" said Turner, at the end of a three hours' sitting, during which he struggled through more 'hands of write' than ever he had seen in his life before, "I'm dashed, if them ain't rather steep. Guess they reckon we've got mints o' money. I thought we might git some sort of a stoddent for a hunder an' fifty or so."

Schuntz said "I dinks we better haf Miss Bollock again, mine shildren goes along fushtrate at Miss Bollock; Mr. McTavish say she vas shust so goot a teacher as nobody else."

It being imperative that Mr. Lloyd Jones should say something now, he coughed as wisely as he could and began: "My 'pinion iss we want a male teacher. Women no good 't oll at oll. Let boys do what they please oll time, zackly. I moof we engage Somers best man oltogether, by long chalk."

Turner also thought that was the best plan. Schuntz didn't mind whom they took, and so it was decided that Mr. W. Horatio Somers should be invited to teach in No. 7.

They also arranged to advertise, asking tenders for the erection of a brick school-house 40x25, after which they separated.

CHAPTER XXII.

The new School Act also demanded higher qualifications on the part of newly-appointed Inspectors. Many of the old superintendents having been mere pensioners on the charity of County councils. Some of these gentlemen did undoubtedly, do excellent work—work that would compare favorably with much that is done to-day, but, taken as a whole, the superintendency of the past had fallen behind the requirements of the time. The great pity is that in a few counties the pensioners have been retained as inspectors (!) and some these are far from being the best specimens of the class they represent, and of which they are truly the *residuum*.

The county of which Rexville formed one township, was under the care of two "pensioners" one having the east and the other the west riding. The eastern man having kindly

died, there were five applicants for the vacancy—five legally qualified applicants: that is to say they held either 1st A Normal School certificates, or a University degree! Four of held 1st A's and had taught in a public schools for from ten to twenty years. One had been two years in a public school and two in a high school, and signed himself S. T. Bunt, B. A. (S. T. stood for Solomon Tomkins and that's why he used the initials. He didn't like Bunt either, but couldn't well call himself S. T. B.) He professed political principles of the stripe that prevailed for the time being in the County Council, used his tongue glibly, button-holed all the councillors, treated some, cajoled others, parted his hair symmetrically, and as a matter of course got the appointment. To all who were acquainted with him (and it did not take much time to know him thoroughly) it was a profound mystery how he got B. A. Malicious and envious teachers, to many of whom no doubt, he had given mortal offence in the conscientious discharge of his duty, frequently talked the subject over quietly with each other. In the course of these conversations a sharp listener might catch such off-repeated words as "crib," "Kings," "boots," "leave," "wristbands," "university," "bought," and "sold." In private and congenial company he could swear "like a trooper" drink lots of whiskey, and tell obscene stories. In the school-room his behavior was characterized by tyranny and brag. When opportunity served he did not hesitate to malign one teacher to another, and another to one. To a few high-minded teachers he cringed, but he expected all the rest to cringe to him.

Incredible as all this may appear, and the half has not been told, this person was the newly appointed inspector of Rexville and adjoining townships and held the position for five years. Indeed, if he does not resign as the present council desire he should, it is probable he may remain to damage his district for some time to come.

With this knowledge of Mr. Bunt, we shall better be able to understand how he and Mr. W. Horatio Somers got along.

Inspector Bunt contrived to be at No. 7 on the evening of Somers' first day in school. At a meeting in the hotel, arranged for by the Inspector, Somers was exhaustively pumped. With tearful eyes he confessed to the state of affairs he left in Millsbury, in the adjoining county, and expressed his fear that No. 7 was going to be an equally hard place!

Here was the very man Mr. Bunt was in need of. He wanted just then a most subservient and pliant tool, and he saw that W. Horatio Somers was capable of acting that part to perfection.

Bunt having succeeded in impressing Somers very favor-

ably, they parted at a late hour, with an understanding that the school should be inspected the following day.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

The season for school engagements being past, Miss Pollock anticipated nothing but enforced 'rest' until mid-summer, now that she had missed No. 7. Her step-mother was agreeably surprised to notice that the disappointment did not appear to induce what she called Hannah's "mopes," although she was sharp-witted enough to observe that the young lady was ill at ease. In the midst of a quilt-patching, one day, both having been busily, but silently, engaged for nearly five minutes, Mrs. Pollock carefully inserted her needle through the head of an unbotanical flower, at one corner of an unmathematical square, took off her glasses, squeezed her lips very tight, heaved a deep sigh, placed her elbows on the table, looked full at her companion, and said, "Hanner, 'aven't you 'eard anythink yet from Susan Mary?"

"Well, mother," she answered with a faint smile at Mrs. Pollock's persistent mispronunciation of Sault St. Marie. "I can't say exactly that I've heard, and yet I know all I want to know. I was just thinking about telling you when you spoke."

"Was he drowned then?"

"No he was not, but I almost wish he had been."

"Hanner Pollock! Whatever has got into you? I 'ope there's nowt agoing wrong with your 'ead."

"No fear of that mother, but something went wrong with *his* head."

"Went crazy, eh?"

"Yes."

"Poor fellow! Well I guess as it would 'a been better if he had got drowned. 'Ow was it Hanner, tell me all about it?"

Miss Pollock produced the scrap of paper, and handed it to her step-mother, requesting that she would read it for herself. Hannah meanwhile stitched away thoughtfully but was sharply aroused from her reverie by an outburst of laughter on the part of Mrs. Pollock.

It is somewhat difficult to account for the various affections of our risibilities. To the school-boy, nothing, if we except mishaps to the teacher, is more provocative of uncontrollable laughter, than seeing another fellow painfully affected *a posteriori* with a crooked pin? The unfeeling husband laughs 'consumedly' when he perceives his wife hammering a board and her thumb nail alternately; girls giggle perpetually at—nothing at all; and some women prove their claim to humanity

by snickering violently when they learn that "dear" Mrs. Noggles' stylishly dressed three-year-old heir tumbled into a mud-puddle, and was carried home in 'such a state!' It is even said that a successful candidate teacher, who lived long ago, somewhere in New Zealand, actually chucked upon hearing that his companion had been plucked!

Bearing these things in mind, an almost infinite number of theories might be advanced for the cause of 'trouble' in Mrs. Pollock's case, but it is probable that none of them would be right, for as soon as the good lady was able to articulate, she gasped, "Mus—, Mus—, Muskeg, what is a muskeg? Is it?" and then she went off again, "is it a hanimal, or some soart of a butter-firkin?" Miss Pollock was uncertain whether, under the circumstances, she ought to smile or to cry, or merely look very serious, but the ludicrous grimaces of her step-mother proved too much, and so she also laughed heartily. After another round or two in which both took part, Mrs. Pollock wiped her eyes and adjusted her specs. It was seldom, indeed, that she manifested her feelings in such a manner.

The effect of the scene upon Miss Pollock was astonishing. The world did not look half so black as it did only a few minutes before—her feeling of loneliness had departed—something akin to pleasure took its place, and—yes—life *was* worth living.

It is more than probable, after all, that the wise and kindly dame *invented*, semi-unconsciously, the whole of this diversion for the purpose so happily effected. At any rate, the young woman was now in a reasonable frame of mind, and able to see things from a practical stand-point.

She opened her heart fully to her step-mother, and concluded by informing her that Dr. Rose intended to call in the evening after choir practice.

"I'm right glad on't, Hanner, and don't you go and make a fool o' yourself. Be a sensible girl a and come to a hunderstanding."

CHAPTER XXIV.

In an eastern county, Mr. C. T. Bunt, B.A., once taught for a year as head-master (and a poor one at that) of a high school. At that time the legislative grant was apportioned in accordance with the average attendance, and owing to the fact that Mr. Bunt's returns were abnormally high an examination of his register disclosed a large number of carelessly (?) inserted 'present' marks, notably, in the cases of several pupils who had left to attend a neighboring school, and of one whose presence

was indicated daily for four months after his decease. As this system of registration did not accord with the views of his trustees who were "all honorable men," Mr. Brunt had to look out for another situation. He applied for a number of schools, as is customary, and had no doubt that the high character of his testimonials would gain him a place. Almost at the last moment he received an appointment, at \$900 a year, and two days afterwards entered upon his duties. Early in the forenoon of his first day, he was handed a telegram informing him that he had been chosen in another place at \$1000 per annum. The train left for that town quarter at 2 o'clock. At noon he dismissed the classes, having allotted them lessons to prepare at home, for the following day,—bought a ticket for the scene of his new appointment, and—left!

But this is by the way.

During his first head-mastership he formed the intimate acquaintance with two of his students equally unprincipled with himself. To them in a *weak* moment he confided the secret of his obtaining B.A. From that moment he was in their power, and they knew it. At last examination both students failed, and were about to try again. Mr. Bunt not having succeeded in being appointed on the Central Board of Examiners, where he might be able to do his friends some good, and at the same time close their mouths forever, resolved upon another scheme—a scheme in which he intended to make use of W. Horatio Somers. Quite unexpectedly, he discovered that Mr. Somers himself had passed a *shady* examination, and that Mr. Somers had a cousin named Roper, employed in the Toronto printing house where the papers were "set up." In the meantime the rest may safely be left to the reader's imagination.

CHAPTER XXV.

Mr. Bunt had made the first move in his little game at the hotel, and the next morning, punctually, and as conspicuously as possible, he strutted to the school, intending to make a move or two more. Mr. Somers was in his place before nine o'clock—something quite unusual—and the fire was lighted. Somers did not look a bit happy, and Bunt appeared brimfull of genialty. They talked about things in general until a quarter past nine, but no scholar as yet appeared. The demoralization consequent upon Miss Polly Ann Martin's brief rule had not received any check through Mr. Somers' influence yesterday. That was plain. According to the teacher's own account to the inspector, yesterday had been "a pretty rough time." Half past nine—three pupils at the door; ten o'clock—

eleven on the grounds. School was now opened. Of course the order was excellent, but there should have been not less than forty or fifty pupils in their seats. Mr. Bunt could not do much one way or another with only eleven little boys and girls in the First and Second Books. He resolved upon a bold stroke; one that would not only make Somers his 'most obedient' but would prove to the people how faithfully he wished to perform his inspectoral duties, and how much he was superior to the late official. He would take the Register with him, and occupy the whole afternoon in calling upon parents, urging them to support the teacher, and to compel their children to go to school.

By dint of really hard work and a great deal of persuasive and seemingly earnest eloquence, he accomplished his object. Mr. Turner accompanied him for two or three hours, for Mr. Turner had also an axe to grind.

On the following morning nearly forty pupils were present. Messrs. Turner and Jones were also on hand by special invitation. After a formal examination, Mr. Bunt addressing the pupils, lauded Mr. Somers to the skies, hoped the pupils would behave as they used to do under Miss Pollock, and trusted when he called again next week, on his way to Gobblersville, that he would hear a favorable report from Mr. Somers. Messrs. Jones and Turner also made speeches, the former reminding the pupils that he was "self-made man, zackly," and the latter declaring that if he "run the machine an' the blamed young snipes cut up high jinks, he was hanged if gulletine every man-jack of 'em." "Yes, Mr. Somers," said he he, turning to the teacher, "I would grab 'em by the gullet, an' choke 'em well, an' I don't know but what I'd keep one or two coffins handy."

Jones was merely ignorant and correspondingly vulgar. Turner was less ignorant but coarse,—very coarse—and obtrusive: still, these are too often the men who 'get elected' at the annual meeting when not more than from two or three to a dozen ratepayers put in an appearance, unless, indeed, it become bruited about that the teacher is agitating for some new snaps, a new stove, a clock, or it may be a *decent* water-closet. Any such contemplated expenditure will bring out every penurious man in the section, and as nearly all the others stay at home, the best man is not always elected.

Mr. Bunt had now played the second move in his game, and it must be said that he played it well, for he not only established Mr. Somers' authority upon a solid basis, but gained for himself no small amount of popular favor.

Despite the inordinate conceit of Somers, and the shady

character of his certificate, he was not wholly wanting in gumption. He perceived that having gained, through Bunt's instrumentality, full control of the school, it behoved him to maintain his supremacy at every hazard. He bent himself to this task with all his might, and although from lack of judiciousness he made more than one mistake, nobody was more surprised than himself when at the end of a week he was able to report to Mr. Bunt, who did call on his way to Gobblersville, that "things had gone on swimmingly."

Mr. Bunt expressed his sincere pleasure at hearing this, urging him warmly not to become 'weary of well-doing,' gave him a number of useful hints, and requested to be notified immediately if any 'unpleasantness' occurred, adding quietly, "I intend to 'ship' a chap at midsummer, and you may just as well have three hundred a year as two."

Mr. W. Horatio Somers thought Mr. Solomon Tomkins Bunt one of the most amiable of men, and felt correspondingly grateful to him.

CHAPTER XXVI.

After choir practice Dr. Rose called at Mrs. Pollock's to receive Hannah's *ultimatum*. He tried, without marked success, to assume an air of imperturbability. The old lady left the room, negotiations were speedily opened, and without much loss of time, almost as speedily concluded.

As this is not purely a love story, it is unnecessary to record all that took place during that extremely interesting interview. Of course the doctor was somewhat confused, and of course Miss Pollock did not conduct herself just as she did on ordinary occasions. Of course he protested that he thought her the most amiable and most accomplished of her sex, and of course she blushed. It is not improbable that during a portion of the conversation, he was in a keeling attitude with his head resting in her lap, while she reclined her own upon the table; and nothing is more susceptible of proof than that they kissed each other several times before they parted for the night. At any rate the doctor had the promise of a wife, and the ex-school-ma'am of a husband on the thirteenth of June, next ensuing.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Inspector Bunt determined to put an end to the dilly-dallying that had characterized the action of the trustees on the question of building under the former inspector, and he accordingly sent a sharply worded note to Mr. Chairman-Secre-

tary-Treasurer Turner which caused that worthy to call a special meeting of No. 7 Rexville Public School Board for the purpose of making arrangements preparatory to the erection of a new school-house.

The presiding officer, in anticipation of trouble with Mr. Jones, had fortified himself with one or two 'drinks' before leaving home. The latter gentleman, with similar forebodings regarding both Turner and Schuntz, had done likewise. Schuntz, good, honest fellow that he was, had imbibed only a dipperful of lager, not looking forward to what Mr. Bunt called "unpleasantness" from any source. He was first at the school-house, and judging by the condition of the floor as the result of the tobacco he had consumed, he must have spent at least an hour there before the arrival of Turner.

"Hullo, old Man!" exclaimed Turner, "you here, eh?"

"Yah, more as a goot while."

"Old Blatherskite ain't here yet, I see."

"Who was Plattershkite, I don't know?"

"Why, old Jones, to be sure, who else?"

"Oh! yah, No, he don't vas goom yet."

"Well, how's the feelin' around your quarter about buildin'! Do you go in for a new school-house?"

"Yah, I dinks dis vas not goot."

"Bully for you, then we kin euchre Jones, for I heerd tell he was goin' fagin' buildin', tooth an' nail," and hereupon he laid himself out to prime and cram the worthy Pennsylvania Dutchman for the contest with Mr. Lloyd Jones.

"You see" said he, "after we talk the matter over for a bit, you should move that we go into committee of the whole, and that Jones takes the chair. This'll tickle him you know; then I'll move that we put up a brick buildin', you'll second it, an' the hull business 'll be done in spite of him, eh?"

"Yah, dot vas a goot blan" replied Mr. Schuntz, who, notwithstanding his acquiescence in the "blan" was anything but clear as to the meaning of "committee of the whole." Turner, himself had picked up the knowledge only the previous day, in conversation with Mr. Dixon, the gentleman who had expressed his views so emphatically in opposition to Jones at the annual school meeting.

But 'cute as Turner thought himself, he 'reckoned without his host' on this occasion. He knew that the terms of the law would compel the erection of a new school-house, and that, therefore, the ratepayers could find no fault with the board, and here he rested his case.

Mr. Lloyd Jones—the self-made man, from "Angleshire," inflated with a supreme sense of his own importance and his

own opinions, professed to "care not at all" for the law or for what anybody but himself thought. "Members Parliament wrong altogether—talk nonsense—don't know anything 'bout our business, 't all at all—will do just we please 'bout build school-house, 'zackly."

Still Mr. Jones could not forget that refusal to build meant a loss of 4000 dollars to the section, and he, as the largest ratepayer, would necessarily suffer in proportion. Then, again having once tasted the 'sweets of office' as township reeve, he aimed at running Josh Ferrand 'off the track' next year, to secure the position for himself; a position which, by some means he knew how to make 'pay.' Astounding, too, as it may appear, in view of the man's pig-headed ignorance, Mr. Jones had an eye even upon parliamentary honors—how much further his overweening conceit would have carried him, it is impossible for anybody to say.

Under these circumstances he felt bound to do all in his power towards retrieving the character (which, to many) he had forfeited, when last in municipal office, as an economical, not to say *honest*, man.

To oppose Turner, at any rate, was his fixed determination.

When he entered the old school-house, his colleagues were earnestly discussing the respective merits of pease and Indian corn as beef-makers, and doing so apparently as if no other subject had engrossed their attention that day. Of course, Mr. Turner had not observed the approach of Mr. Jones!

"Morning, shentlemen," said Jones.

"Morning," replied Schuntz cheerily, and Turner doggedly.

"I guess, we'd better begin now," continued the latter, "we're an hour behind time already."

"Yah," said Schuntz, "dot is so."

Mr. Turner having mounted the three-legged stool proceeded to explain that as "fur" as he was concerned he "didn't see no use in puttin' up a new buildin' at all, but if it was a-goin' to be such a heavy loss to the section as Mr. Bunt said it was, he guessed they'd hev to pitch in an' do somethin', but for his part he "didn't see why they couldn't put up another log house that would do well enough, for about a hundred and fifty or two hundred dollars."

This suggestion rather took the wind out of Mr. Jones's sails, being one of those he meant to make himself, for the purpose of blocking Turner, but he said nothing.

Schuntz working his jaws vigorously, and expectorating freely, remarked, "I dinks we better as haf a brick."

Jones couldn't make out whether this meant that a log building would be better than a brick, or a brick building better

than a log one, and still he said nothing.

"How much would a brick buildin' cost, Jake, say 25x40?"

"Vell, if you get the brick from Gobblersville, it vill gost not so mooch less as eight hunder dollar, but if dey goom from Barkinson's yard it vill gost not so much as eight hunder."

As this seemed to be a distinction without a difference, Jones said the section "couldn't 'ford to pay so much money, 't oll at oll. Frame building 20x30 good 'nough, and not cost more than four hunder dollar, 'zackly."

Turner ventured to say that 20x30 was "too small accordin' to law, an' anyhow he didn't know but frame was dearer nor brick in the long run," when Jones retorted to the effect "hat he was pretty nice kind of "Shairman," and didn't know what he was "talk 'bout, 't oll at oll, not one bit,"

Turner guessed he knew just as much as Jones, day any an' a blame sight more, too, an' he knew that when lumber was so high as it was, a frame house cost as much as a brick house, an' wasn't much of a house after all—"But," he went on, "I ain't in favor of a brick nor a frame school-house; a log house is good enough for the best of the youngsters in No. 7, an' if we must put up a bigger place, I say let us save all we kin, an' make it log, 25x40."

Until the opening of the meeting that day the Chairman-Secretary-Treasurer, had never entertained the idea of erecting another log structure for school purposes, and even now was opposed to anything of the sort, but he thought it advisable to play this card so as to be ahead of Jones in the economy cry.

The Welshman—almost the equal of his colleague in low cunning, and shrewdly suspecting Turner's motive—agreed that a log building would do well enough, but that 20x30 would give all the room required and reduce the cost by fifteen or twenty dollars.

Turner pointed out that 20x30 would be insufficient to allow the number of cubic feet demanded by law, to which Jones replied that he knew how many "shiltren" could sit on 20x30 "shust so well as Turner, 'zackly," and that he didn't "care cent 'bout the law."

Astonished at the turn affairs had taken, Schuntz sat dumb-founded, chewing very hard, and trying to think, but with little success. At this point, however, in the conversation he managed to announce in terms most unmistakable, that he would rather sell out and move to Manitoba than pay one cent toward the erection of another log-house for a school.

This was the Chairman's opportunity, and passing his 'plug of black strap' to Schuntz, after helping himself liberally, he

said, "Well, Jake, what do you go in for, brick or frame?"

"Brick," replied Schuntz, with a very decided shake of his head, and an equally decided thump on the nearest representative of a desk.

Jones was just about to commence a long speech, apparently, when Turner, with a knowing look at Schuntz, said he couldn't see no way out of this *dilly emma* unless they went into a committee of the whole.

This remark reminded Schuntz of the previous arrangement, so he said somewhat sullenly, "I moves dot, und dot Shones dakes der shair, too."

"All right, my hearties," rejoined Turner, as he slipped from his perch, and invited Jones in terms of the motion to take the chair, which the "self-made man" did as gracefully as the clumsy character of all his movements permitted. He always felt that he had been cut out for a presiding officer, and mounted upon the stool, he looked more than half-pleased in spite of himself.

"Now, shentlemen, what you going to do 'bout business of build school house?" queried the chairman of committee.

"Jist to bring the thing to a pint," said Turner, "I move that we build a log school-house 25x40."

The chairman immediately ejaculated, "I move amen'ment—log school-house 20x30." Being informed by Turner that the chairman "couldn't" make such a motion, he declared he could "make any motion he please, spite of nobody, 'zackly."

Upon Turner making the statement that as the motion he made was not seconded, an amendment was of no use, the chairman declared that as the amendment had not been seconded either, it was "shust as good as motion any way." This was a clincher.

"If we can't carry a log-house, suppose we try a brick one for a change," suggested Turner—"I move that we advertise for tenders for a month, to put up a brick school-house in this here section, which shall be 25 foot wide, 40 foot long, and about 10 foot high to contain plenty of pure cubic air apiece for fifty pupils, on a good stone foundation, not later than the last day of September in the present current year."

"I seconds dot motion," said Schuntz.

"Guess it's carried, ain't it?" chuckled the mover, as he smiled maliciously at Jones.

But the chairman evidently did not think it was carried—he knew better than that. He said, "Shentlemen, I refuse put motion to meeting 't oll at oll, so you can't do nothin'. House you speak build will cost most thousan' dollars, an' my taxes will 'mount to near forty dollars 'lone, 'sides oll tax I pay

last twenty year an' more, of 'bout three dollars year, 'zackly, oltogther too much money throw away on schools, oltogther. I now leaf the shair an' you can't do nothing 't oll at oll.

With this speech, Jones took his hat and left the other two other trustees to the freedom of their own wills.

Turner resumed the stool, explained to Schuntz that two could do busines legally anyhow, and by mutual consent it was arranged to insert an advertisement in the newspapers immediately, asking for tenders in accordance with the motion which Jones refused to put, but which Turner now declared to be carried unanimously.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Thanks to the mediatorial offices of Mr. S. T. Bunt, school-work in No. 7, was moving with moderate smoothness. The attendance was fair, and the order not *very* bad, so that upon the whole, Mr. Somers had great reason to feel grateful to the inspector; and he was grateful undoubtedly. Little did he know to what extent his gratitude was about to be tested.

During a conversation between Mr. S. T. Bunt and the inspector of a neighboring county, the former gentleman elicited enough to confirm former rumors regarding the fradulent means employed by Somers towards procuring a certificate. Truth to tell, S. T. Bunt was not pharisaical enough to condemn W. Horatio Somers. He, himself, had proved one of the grossest of sinners at sundry times, in divers mauners, and several places, with the same or a similar object in view. He was only too glad to be assured of what formerly seemed but reasonably suspicious. The way to the Toronto printing office was now clear—so clear that S. T. Bunt, Esq., B. A., was enabled to inform his needy friends, that they might rely upon having copies of all the questions for the forthcoming examination, at least a week or two prior to the time fixed for it.

A number of passing calls at No. 7 during the first two months of Somers' engagement, were of so much benefit to the school that he was enabled to grasp the teacher to him, if not 'with hooks of steel,' at any rate, with something quite as strong.

About the middle of April, however, poor W. Horatio, who had never got along so well in his life, became thoroughly cast-down—desperate fact, in upon receiving from Inspector Bunt, the following note.

DEAR SIR. I am deeply grieved, on your account, to hear on the most reliable authority, certain statements made affecting your character as a man of honor. I shall be at home all day on Saturday. If

you can make it convenient to call and give a satisfactory explanation, it will not be necessary for me to take any further steps—if you can't I may have to cancel your certificate. Don't mention this to any body till you see me."

This note reached him on a Wednesday evening—on Thursday, conscious-stricken, he was almost unfit for his work—on Friday he complained of, (and, no doubt suffered from) a severe headache—that day there was "no school."

CHAPTER XXIX.

Next day, very much chop-fallen, he drove to see the Inspector. Solomon Tomkins Bunt, B.A., received him gravely but kindly—led the way into the room he called his office—told him to make himself at home—expressed great sorrow to hear the reports that were spread about him, and so on, but that probably if he were to make a clean breast of it, the case would present some redeeming features.

So far as Somers could see, there was not a redeeming feature in any truthful story he had to tell, and taking for granted that Bunt knew all, he simply said, "I know I did wrong, but the temptation was awful strong."

Bunt insisted on hearing all the particulars, for he was playing a deep game, and desired to entangle his victim inextricably, while he, himself, might show to the best advantage.

W. Horatio somewhat hesitatingly proceeded to explain that his cousin Tom Roper was a printer in a Toronto office—that Tom wrote to him one day a short time before the examination, telling him that the questions were being set up then and there—that if he wanted to know what was in the papers he might easily do so, as Roper had copies of them all so far, and intended to secure some others—that eventually, he, (Somers) received all the papers—that having solved the mathematical problems at home, he had made a few memory-joggers on his wristbands and pocket-handkerchief—that the latter was stolen from him at the hotel where he and some others put up—and he supposed that was how the stories got out.

Bunt listened attentively, and, villain that he was, smilingly remarked that that had nothing to do with the reports he had heard. Said he, "Of course, you didn't do quite the square thing at the examination, but lots of good men have got through the very same way. Old Darling, for instance, one of the Education Office nabobs was caught when writing for his B.A., and I know dozens of others that have passed unsuspected and yet they copied, but the story I heard about you was this, "—

and here Inspector Bunt proceeded to fabricate a tale of other immoral import relating to Somers, and to all of which the latter was enabled to give his unqualified denial, much, it may be readily believed, to his own gratification, but feeling, nevertheless, mortally chagrined to think how completely he had 'given himself away' on the examination question.

"I am very glad, very glad, indeed, Mr. Somers, to learn from your own lips that there is no truth in what I was told about you, as I have formed a high opinion of your character and qualifications—there is, in fact, a something in you that has led me to become quite attached to you, as it were, and I needn't tell you that although I have so accidentally come to a knowledge of how you pulled through at the examination, not a syllable of your confession shall ever pass my lips."

Somers expressed his thanks ruefully, and accepted and invitation to take dinner with the Inspector, after which that wily gentleman began in the course of conversation to circumvent his guest, gradually diminishing the circle of his teils until the poor weakling was hopelessly entangled, and had promised upon specious representations made by his seductive host, to procure through Tom Roper, copies of the papers to be set for first-class candidates at the ensuing teachers' examination.

CHAPTER XXX.

The Provincial Pedagogue Factory was at this time, and for many years afterwards, in a state of utter demoralization. The nominal heads of the institution were all men of unimpeachable honor, but some of the understrappers could not, truthfully, be so classified. One of these "subs" whose original patronymic was Handover, but, who, for some reason, chose to be known as Dr. Vain, had managed by 'hook or by crook' to make a pretty good thing out of his position. His residence was almost palatial and his retinue of servants in correspondence therewith. He kept his carriage, entertained his guests in a princely manner, and, generally, acted My Lord at large, all on a comparatively limited salary as walking boss of the Factory Show-room.

Many of Dr. Vain's official subordinates, and not a few of his social equals regarded his growing power and magnificence with envious eyes. Over the Great Panjandrum himself, Dr. Vain was said to exercise a mysterious influence. Having upon one occasion been charged with divers peccadilloes and malversation of office, a *strictly private* investigation was held—damaging evidence was kept back, that which was given was

contorted in his favor,—and Dr. Vain was pronounced guiltless, that is to say, he was 'whitewashed.'

It was shown that Dr. Vain, Chief Boss of the Show-room, purchased from Dr. Vain of the Nick-nack Co., and sold to the country on a profit of nothing! and that he had never employed or utilized the brain and handiwork of government employees to his own advantage! Not a whisper was breathed against the disappearance of valuable objects from the Show-room, but the payment of some thousands of dollars to himself, and members of his family under "color" of labor performed, was held to be perfectly justifiable. Liquid slating, chemicals, telescopes, books, apparatus, jobbery, collusion and fraud were terms that mingled freely amid the forcible rather than choice remarks levelled at him by his detractors. The Great Panjandrum said: "Gentlemen, it is all right!" and, henceforth, Dr. Vain, as of yore, delighted the public eye with an ostentatious display of foreign Exposition insignia, and trod the floors of the Show-room as proudly and majestically as could any other honest man!

More than one member of the Provincial parliament who had denounced the Boss in good set terms as "a bad man," "an impostor," "a scamp," "a villain" and "a scoundrel" were evidently convinced of the serious mistakes they must have made in their estimation of his character, for they accepted the verdict resulting from the Great Panjandrum's "private and confidential" investigation (?) and forever after held their peace—in a sense.

It is probably untrue that Dr. Vain ever disposed of examination papers in any dishonest way, but the *belief* among his underlings that he was 'equal to the occasion,' and a positive knowledge on their part of other overt acts he had committed, tended to lower the *morale* of clerkdom generally, so that for many years not only were books and fancy articles stolen by wholesale from the Show-room, but a traffic in examination papers was kept up, between the Factory hands and the printers, neither of whom, we may suppose, were losers by the transaction.

Why then should not Tom Roper improve the opportunity by ignoring the middle-men, and dealing directly with those for whom the papers were intended? We can see no reason, and neither could he, so that when he received a letter from his cousin Billy Somers, offering \$100 for a complete set of the midsummer first-class papers, he replied at once accepting the terms.

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CHAPTER XXXI.

The Rev. Mr. Horrocks was not a punctual man. Even on Sundays he was usually among the last to enter the church. On the other hand the Rev. Simeon Haivers could boast that during his "sairvice in the meenistry"—a period of forty one years—he had not detained a congregation for a single moment. The Rev. Mr. Haivers, with three of his elders Messrs. Duncan, Macintosh and Armstrong, and the Rev. Mr. Bigsby, Baptist Minister from Gobblersville waited impatiently until half past seven o'clock, for the arrival of the Rev. Mr. Horrocks, on the evening of the day that he was called away so unceremoniously from Mr. Phil Martin's, and they were just engaging in prayer when the unpunctual brother entered and and quietly knelt beside the only vacant chair in the room.

The Rev. Mr. Haivers who was 'leading,' having rehearsed for nearly five minutes, all the qualities and attributes (so far he knew) of the Deity, proceeded to implore divine aid for "the heathen that sit in darkness in foreign lands," for "missionaries and their families who procla-aim the glad tidings," for "weedows and o-orphanas without distinction" for "a-ahll that are seeck and in affliction," for "the Queen, the Governor-gain-eral and a-ahll that rule under them and o-over us," for "sa-ab-bath-schools and sabbath-school teachers," for "parents and guardians" and for "a-ahll the young people of whatever demomina-ation," prayed that God would "hasten the time when a-ahll should know him, from the least even to the grea-eat-est," that He would "be merciful to the poor ignorant papists," that He would "hasten the downfa-ahl of Anti-Christ in every fo-orm" that He would "ena-able us to perform our saiveral duties in good *time* and season" (the Rev. Mr. Horrocks knew this was aimed at him) "remembering that our da-ays were short and fleeting, and that we would each and a-ahll of us, have to give an account not only of the time we had lost ourselves, but of that wheech God in his o-own good providence had bestowed on others, and wheech we may in a la-arge measure, by means of our procrastina-a-ation, be morally responsible for" (The Rev. Mr. Horrocks daren't say "amen" to this, even mentally, but how he did bite his lips!) that the "eyes of our legisla-tors may be opened to the inequity of allowing the schools of this land to be conducted regardleas of God" and that "the day may speedily come, terrible as an army with banners," etc., etc., etc.

What the Rev. Mr. Horrocks called 'prespiration' was coozing profusely from that gentleman's forehead, although the room was not by any means overheated, and he accounted for it as he wiped his face, by the haste he had made to be on

hand in time, after wrenching himself away from a young man who was in great spiritual agony.

The Rev. Mr. Haivers explained to the Rev. Mr. Horrocks that this was a mere emergent meeting, called owing to the "causal praesence of Mr. Bigsby in our midst," and he would leave it to that gentleman to "enlarge upon the occasion."

The Rev. Mr. Bigsby was a *perky* little gentleman of U. E. stock, and to him this meant being truly Canadian blue-blooded. He could spin interminable yarns of pioneer life as experienced by his grandfathers and grandmothers—yarns about bears and wolves and "Injuns" (probably by way of distinction to what he spoke of as engines,) and chopping bees, and quilting bees, and raisings, and of being lost in the woods. As it is universally taken for granted that no pioneer ever exaggerated or implemented stories of this kind, and that the second and third generation transmit the veracious narratives in all their simplicity and purity, it would be highly improper for us to cast the shadow of a doubt upon any of these Canadian Night's Entertainments, more especially in the case of such as were conducted under the auspices of one in the position of the Rev. Mr. Bigsby.

He affected long hair, and kept it combed well back in a mass. His low but wide forehead, and his square jaws and small chin gave his face a quadrangular appearance. His nose was well shaped, but altogether too small when compared with the length of the slit that formed his mouth. His eyes were small, twitchy, and of an unnamed color. He had only one eyebrow, but that stretched from temple to temple, and he had big hands and feet.

In utterance, the Rev. Mr. Bigsby was deliberate, with a touch of twanginess. The indefinite article "a" he pronounced as "ai" and always said ai-round, ai-bout, ai-bove and ai-loud, and, like many other uncultured men, he thought he was speaking good English when he said ev-il, dev-il, and gosp-el.

It is no part of our duty to follow the reverend gentleman throughout his prosaic introductory periods, but when he reaches the point at issue, it may be well to put his remarks on record. Said he, "That the public schools of this province are conducted on Godless principles we cannot deny, and it is equally true that many of the teachers are without God, and without hope in the world." We see daily, all ai-round, the terrible re-sults ai-rising from this sad condition of affairs. Lust, and pro-fanity ai-bound more and more, year after year; the young-g people no-glect church membership; atheism, or agnosticism as it is now called, openly de-fies us to our face; and, there-fore, I con-tend that our only hope lays (*sic*) in

compelling religious instruction to be imparted as a task, daily, in all the schools of our country. We must be up and doing, and it is not improbable that even our puny efforts in the councils of our respective denominations may effect some good, and with this object in view, Mr. Haivers and myself thought it advisable to ask a few leading brethren here to-night; Mr. Horrocks, will you kindly give us a word of prayer?"

The Methodist brother complied willingly, corroborating nearly all the statements made by the Rev. Mr. Haivers, and repeating requests for the same list of blessings.

The Rev. Mr. Horrocks and elder Macintosh having expressed themselves in terms similar to those of the Rev. Mr. Bigsby, elder Armstrong produced nothing short of consternation by averring that he "Couldna agree wi' muckle o' what had fa'n frae the ither speakers! "Faur be't frae me," he continued, "to say or dae ocht that would mak my brither to offend, but I mainteen that gin we a' tried to bring up oor bairns weel at hame, by not only *telling* them what's richt, but by *daein'* what's richt oorsel's; by keepin' them i' the hoose aifter the darknin'; and givin' them guid things to play wi', an' guid books to read, we would fin' less faut wi' the schools an' the maisters. In my opeenion, they're baith weel aneuch, an' we'd better lea' them alane."

Elder Duncan appeared more cheerful during the rapid delivery of Armstrong's remarks than at any previous time during the meeting, and upon receiving a nod from the Rev. Mr. Haivers, he proceeded, "I have given this subject a good deal of thought, and I must say that according to my way of thinking, friend Armstrong is not far wrong. Before coming to Rexville, as some of you know, I taught school for fourteen years, and the conclusion I have arrived at is this, that no schol, no teacher, or no system is capable of obliterating, far less of eradicating the evil effects of bad home training. Where lying, cheating, swearing and drinking are of every-day occurrence in the family, five or six months' attendance at school, six hour a day, for seldom more than six years, is not likely to producing a lasting effect, even if the whole time were devoted to scriptural teaching, which you know is impossible.

"I have known a great many teachers in my day, and of most of them I must say that they labored earnestly for the moral as well as for the intellectual welfare of their pupils. That there were exceptions I cannot deny—some were given to liquor,—a few were grossly profane, but most of these have been weeded out, although I have reason to believe that some Inspectors I could name are no better than they should be,

even to-day. Still the cure for these evils is in our own hands.

"No board need retain for a single day the services of an immoral teacher, and far less should any County Council suffer an unworthy fellow to inflict himself for years upon a community. In many schools the bible is read, and the work of the day is opened and closed with prayer, and the teachers from time to time give practical lessons in Christian morals as occasion demands. I do not see that any more can reasonably be expected, and I am glad that Mr. Armstrong agrees with me."

The Rev. Horrocks and the Rev. Bigsby looked at the Rev. Haivers, as much as to say "a very strange sort of pastor you are, when mere elders dare to express themselves in opposition to what they must know are your wishes!" But the Rev. Haivers understood too well the quality of the material upon which he had to work, to attempt anything like browbeating or intimidation—he simply held his opinion, and allowed his elders to hold theirs—any other course would have precipitated difficulties, out of which the elders would not be likely to come second best.

Without doing anything definite the meeting soon broke up.

CHAPTER XXXII.

We have already seen that Dick Ferrand was anything but a fool, and what follows will tend to strengthen this conviction.

On the way home from Gobblersville foundry, with some light castings, on the evening of the day that Somers, the penitent, humbled himself before confessor Bunt, Dick's horse shied at a sheet of paper lying on the roadside. Dick was inquisitive, and the similarity of the paper to an open letter prompted him to dismount and pick it up. Hastily glancing at the signature he could make nothing of it, but cramming the epistle into his trousers pocket he drove on, resolving to read the contents when he got home. Heavy rains and heavy loads having caused the formation of deep ruts and deceptive looking puddles on the road, he did not reach his own "place" until a much later hour than either he or his "Dad" anticipated, and the consequent bustle of unhitching the horse, getting something to eat, and "fixing" the machine for which the castings were intended, completely drove the letter out of his mind, and he intended showing it to Mr. Ferrand.

When undressing for the night, however, he remembered having placed the paper in his pocket, and immediately withdrawing it proceeded to read:—

MY DEAR BRUNO.—I am delighted to inform you that I fixed things about right. The simpleton who is teaching in the R—e school is in the same box with some more of us, and I have discovered where and how he got the X papers last time he was up. He is completely under my control, as I have done him a good turn by enabling him to keep his place, whereas, but for me his pupils would have completely mastered him. His cousin is at the right spot in Toronto, so that you may depend upon an A next hitch. The figure is 100. Tell Mirza and Cato.

Yours truly—

Unohoo.

P. S.—I scared him so that he couldn't teach yesterday, and he came to see me to day.

Dick was very much puzzled as to what this letter could mean, but of a few things in connection with it, he felt absolutely certain. In the first place he was sure that the "simpleton" was Mr. W. Horatio Somers, not only because of the reference in the letter to that gentleman's difficulties with the pupils, but because he had met the teacher returning to Harden that day, when he was on the way to the foundry. In the second place he knew that the writer must be the inspector, also for two reasons: one being the part the writer said he had taken in enabling the teacher to keep his place, the other, that on coming back from Gobblersville he heard one neighbor mention to another that inspector Bunt had just passed, going towards Keeweena, a cross-road village consisting chiefly of a tavern, a blacksmith shop and a post-office. Of a third thing was Dick fully assured, namely, that the letter related to something very mysterious, or why should it be dated from "Unowhere" and signed by "Unohoo," upon which, thanks to his sharp wit and bad spelling qualifications, he found no difficulty in placing the correct interpretation.

Had Dick been twice or three times the age he was, and correspondingly 'cute, he would also have been able to perceive that the writing was executed in a feigned hand, that "Bruno," "Mirza" and "Cato" were pseudonyms, and that "R—e" stood for Rexville. Ignorant, however, of these literary niceties, as many of his seniors might pardonably be, their presence on the face of the letter added nothing to the force of the communication at which he arrived. He went to bed in a state of wonderment, resolved to show the document to "Dad" in the morning, and soon dropped off to sleep.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Nearly two weeks previous to the day on which Dick made

his discovery, Old Josh Ferrand hired Maurice O'Flynn,—and who was he? But this was just a piece of information that Mr. Maurice O'Flynn seemed determined upon keeping to himself, and in consequence of this reticence, nothing could be gathered beyond the facts that he was unused to manual labor, was well educated, and, recently from Ireland. What subsequently came out regarding the antecedents of Maurice O'Flynn, it will be well to make known at once for the purpose of understanding the part he was about to play in connection with Dick's 'find.'

The third and youngest son of a small landed proprietor in the County of Clare, O'Flynn was reared 'in the lap of luxury.' Educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and intended for the legal profession, all appeared to be going prosperously with him in the prosecution of his studies, when the sudden death of his father revealed the fact that the family property was irretrievably mortgaged for the payment of a heavy, longstanding, and ever-increasing debt. The eldest brother, Lieut. Herbert O'Flynn of H. M. S. *Frantic*, having generously divided between the two younger members of the family all that could be saved from the estate, advised them to emigrate to New Zealand or to Canada. Both brothers took this advice, each choosing one of the colonies named, Maurice, as we have seen, coming to Ontario.

Perhaps one of the pithiest and most truthful forms of expression that can be used to characterize an aristocratic young Irishman is to say that he is plucky and proud. At any rate, such was Maurice, for on the day that he stepped on board of the Holyhead steamer at Dublin, on his way to the Allan liner *Prussian*, lying at Liverpool, he resolved that he *would* make his fortune before he returned to Ireland, and that he *would not*, under any circumstances give clue to his family connections. Pushing his way westward immediately after his arrival at Montreal, he secured employment with "Old Josh" at \$14 a month exclusive of being 'found.' His chief object in selecting the vicinity of Harden for the scene of his first year's labors, was that he might learn how to raise and manage stock, and so thoroughly did he accomplish his purpose, that he is at present in possession of one of the largest cattle ranches in the Northwest Territory, and day by day becoming less desirous of returning to reside in the home of his fathers, although he is worth more money than would serve to pay for the family estate of Ballykillmoghra, ten times told.

As a penman, Maurice O'Flynn was an expert:—not after the flourishing, flap-doodle, Spencerian style, a thing of effeminate elegance and corresponding want of individuality, but

Dick made

truly an expert. At Gothic, Old English, Church, Pre-Elizabethan, Engrossing and other texts, his fellow-students voted him 'a dab' and he so frequently amused himself by copying in a book the autographs of distinguished persons, that when compelled to give up his studies, the number of these 'forgeries' as he playfully called them, was considerably over two thousand.

In the celebrated Dublin contested-will case of *Maguire and Hennessy v. O'Hara*, his evidence mainly served to convict the defendant of "willfully and fraudulently simulating the signature of the deceased Terence O'Hara," and for which simulation the said defendant was sentenced to hard labor and a cell in Kilmainham for five years.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

At the breakfast table next morning, which was Dick's first opportunity of "rising to explain," said he, "Dad! I found a letter on the road las' night, and it's an awful queer letter too. I bet you can't make any sense out of it! Here it is," and he dragged it out of his trousers pocket along with divers pieces of string, a horse-shoe nail, and a brass buckle.

"Dad" called for his 'specs' read it carefully at least twice, to the detriment of his porridge, and then handed it to Maurice, with the remark, "It's a mighty strange letter anyhow. Kind o' sense and nonsense, but I guess there's some deviltry about it—take a look."

Scarcely a glance was enough to convince Maurice of the "true inwardness" of the letter, in so far as its purport and intention were concerned, but he was, as a matter of course, quite ignorant regarding all those of whom, and to whom reference was made.

Dick, in accordance with his suspicions, speedily enlightened Maurice on these points.

Mrs. Ferrand interposed, but unsuccessfully, to make Dick hold his peace, calling him 'a long-tongued little monkey,' 'a mischievous young rascal' and 'a gabblerratch,' whatever that may be.

Maurice O'Flynn's old graphic appetite was by this time keenly whetted, and while he pretended in the presence of Mrs. Ferrand and Dick, that he did not attach any importance to the writing, he had made up his mind to get to the bottom of it. Advising Dick to say nothing about the matter in the meantime to anybody, he quietly touched "Old Josh's" foot beneath the table to attract his attention, gave him a wink, and said to Dick, "I have book full of queer-looking writing, and I would like to put this in it, if you'll let me have it for a sixpence."

"A sixpence!" exclaimed Dick, "how much is that?"

"A Ycrk shilling," said Mrs. Ferrand.

"Twelve an' a half cents," said "Dad."

"You may have it," said Dick.

"'Fools an' their money's soon parted,'" said Mrs. Ferrand, as she left the table to bring in the coffee pot, and the remainder of the meal was partaken of without further reference to the letter.

CHAPTER XXXV.

One day Miss Hannah Pollock was engaged in the making-up of some "fearfully and wonderfully" constructed article of dress, preparatory to her approaching wedding, when her eldest step-brother brought her a letter, the mere sight of the address causing her to give a piercing shriek and fall against the table.

Mrs. Pollock ran from the kitchen, upsetting two or three little Pollocks on the way, and without much difficulty succeeded in restoring Hannah to that consciousness of which, for a few minutes she was bereft. Meantime all the children had been crying, partly because they thought Sister Hannah was dead, and partly because Mrs. Pollock had either knocked them down and run over them, or had boxed their ears to keep them out of her way. An heir-loom pitcher became fragments, and the floor was deluged with water during the short time that the confusion lasted, but after Hannah retired to her own room, the floor mats and the children's eyes were put outside to dry.

Fearing interruption before she perused Colton's letter (for it was his, as anybody may know) she feigned sleep when the old lady came in to see how she was doing. As soon as she was left to herself she *tore off* the envelope and had before her that of which the following is a true copy.

RAT PORTAGE, N.W.T., April 2nd, 188—.

My Very Own Dear and Adorable Hannah,

It is quite out of my power to tell you how anxious I am to hear from you and all about you. I addressed my first letter to you after leaving Ontario, from Victoria, Vancouver Isl., telling you to address me at Cariboo, Brit. Columbia, as I would probably have but one more opportunity of writing you for nearly six months. I wrote again by the steamer returning from Alaska when I left her at Stickeen, but as the vessel was lost, of course you would not receive that letter. Fortunately as I thought, another opportunity of writing presented itself after I had been at the mines about a month, but the mule-driver to whom I entrusted it was dashed to pieces over one of the mountain precipices and his body was not recovered. By the time that another

mail was about to leave for the coast I was ready to come away myself, and I ardently hoped to surprise you long ere this, by stepping in to your cottage or your school at Harden. But the fates seem to have decided otherwise, for after completing my examination of the company's location in Cariboo. I telegraphed the result to Toronto from Victoria saying that I hoped to be in Frisco the following week, and sure enough when I reached that city I found a telegram awaiting me, and directing me to proceed by way of St. Paul and Lake of the Woods to this place without delay.

Never having heard of the place before I knew not where it was, but succeeded in reaching it last night about 11 o'clock,

I do not suppose my duties will detain me at here more than six weeks or two months, and then—oh! my dear girl, believe me, I am determined to go east at all hazards, even that of breaking my connection with the company, so that I may once again feast my eyes upon you, and clasp you to my breast.

Do write immediately my dearest and best of girls, telling me that you are well, happy, and longing to see me. It is nearly two years since I heard from you.

Let me tell you as a great secret, that after I get to Harden, your trustees will have to advertise for a new teacher. Sabbe?

Yours in every shape and form, always and forever—

NICHOLAS COLTON."

P. S.—Do, do, do, write at once—N. C.

Here was a pretty kettle of fish!

What was to be done? Nothing that she could think of just now but cry, and cry she did, right heartily. But crying in this case did not seem to do much good. It did not account for the notice of Colton's marriage in the *Manitoba Free Press*, it did not obliterate her promise to marry Dr. Rose, and far less could it extinguish her revived love for her first suitor—a love which, in fact, had never died out, despite all attempts to convince herself to the contrary.

The difficulty had to be faced, and there was no one except herself to face it. Dr. Rose would probably call that very evening, and hard as was the task, it must be performed; she must tell him the whole story, ask him to forgive her the pain she may have caused him, and beg him to free her from a promise which she now saw, and which she trusted he would see, had been given too rashly. Having come to this determination, she indulged in another floods of tears, and Mrs. Pollock entered.

When this worthy lady had listened to a recital of Miss Hannah's tale, and of the resolution arrived at, she confessed her inability to give any advice. "Things" said she, "are a-coming to a pretty state, now-a-days. When I was a girl there wasn't hany such goings-on, but the world's getting wuss and wuss hevery day, I do believe, an' what things will come to at last, I'm sure I don't know. I shan't be hable to look the

doctor in the face as long's I live, hafter he comes to find hout this 'ere muddle. I wish you well hout on 't, I do, an' that's hall I got to say."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

In due time the corporation of No. 7, met to examine tenders for the erection of a new school-house. The lowest offer was for the sum of \$1050, including what the contractor thought necessary arrangements for ventilation, but without these, \$975 was the price asked.

Mr. Chairman-Secretary-Treasurer Turner having accepted a 'cheer' from Mr. Schuntz, said, "In my opinion we don't want no new building at all, an' it's a blamed shame we've got to take an' put up a new school house as long as this here old one's good 'nough. I'm blessed if I would take another step only I feel kind o' bamboozled about them \$4000. Anyhow, I guess we've got to go ahead an' do something now—what d'ye say gentlemen?"

Mr. Turner looked from one to the other of his colleagues, but neither of them said anything. At length he appealed directly to Mr. Jones, and Mr. Jones replied sullenly, "Well, no use ask me 'toll at all. You and Schuntz has whole thing cut and dry, zackly."

"Not by a jug-full," ejaculated Turner, "you see how it is, just as well as I do—we've got to build, an' you know it."

"Yes, but no need build brick house," said Jones.

"Well n-no, not exactly," said Turner, "but it appears to me kind o' tomfoolery to put up a balloon frame when lumber's dear an' bricks ain't very high."

The mere mention of a *balloon* frame rather staggered Mr. Jones, for as he owned by far the largest and best bush in the neighborhood of the school, he had been 'figuring' all along upon making much more than even his large share of taxation, by the disposal of elm trees for square timber. Turner's observation threw new light on the subject, and now he perceived that considerably more heavy timber would be required for a brick building than for one framed of scantlings. Still it would not do for him to yield his ground too readily, so saying something complimentary to the mechanical ability of Jake Schuntz, he requested that gentleman to give his candid opinion, and affirmed himself ready to be guided solely by what Schuntz might say.

Mr. Schuntz declared himself as on a former occasion, in favor of brick. Mr. Jones said "zackly," and Mr. Turner put it to the board whether it should be '\$1050 with chicken fixin's for

ventilation, or \$975 without the darn 'things.'

Mr. Jones having reckoned roughly how much his share of \$75 for ventilation would come to, said, "I never see ventilator on school house oll my days, never. Often see ventilator on barns an' cow stables—cattle thrive better with ventilator—great deal, 'zackly, but never see one on school-house oll my life, never. No use for it 'toll at all, not a bit."

"That's my own way o' thinkin', Mr. Jones," remarked the chairman, "when I went to school there wasn't a chirp about ventilation, an' you better believe we sometimes got a leetle too much of it, for the way the wind uaed to come in through the chinkin' was a caution to snakes. It's them teachers' conventions that plays the michief with the country, an' that's what's the matter. They try to make out that it's onhealthy to be in a school-room all day, but I can't hear tell of any but the weakly ones dying off, an' I guess they would die any way. If you take my advice we'll save \$75 on the job by lettin' the ventilation look after itself."

"I move," said Mr. Jones, "we give out the tender for \$975, without ventilator."

"Will you second that motion Jake?" inquired the Chairman.

"Yah," replied Schuntz, and the motion was declared 'carried.'

Alack! also! and well-a-day! What a sad 'commentary on our boasted civilization!' That towards the close of the nineteenth century it is possible to find three men, who, acting in the capacity of Public School Trustees, practically ignore the value of pure air, is almost incredible. A good thing for horses and cattle, indeed, but not worth a cent for children!

Inestimable as a source of heath to the strong man who spends two-thirds of his time out-of-doors, but absolutely valueless to his immature offspring confined for six hours a day in a huge box!

Pure air! Fiddlesticks! Some people don't know what they want.

Are the children not well supplied with fresh air before they are inside of the school-room, and why can't they go on breathing that, (besides what's in the room,) till they get out again?

That, Mr. Dooplesnipe, is precisely what you compel them to do, and, also, precisely what you cannot do comfortably yourself, for do you not sleep in church every Sunday, and do you not frequently find on the way home that your head is aching, and that your appetite is far from being what it ought to be, and what it usually is long before the work-a-day horn blows to call you from the field? You know all this, of course, but instead of

attributing the mischief to the poisonous effects of the air you have breathed after performing its duty by passing through the wheezy lungs of asthmatical Brown, the catarrh-affected tubes of Mrs. Smith, the sore throat of the minister, the decayed teeth of his wife, the mummy, croupy, fevered gullets of the young fry generally, and the respiratory organs of many well people, you lay all the blame on the sermon, or on the fact that you did not rise so early as usual that morning, or to anything, in fact, but to the true cause.

You do not expect to get a cheering cup of tea at the second 'drawing,' far-less at the tenth ; you would not reckon upon a good crop of grain by sowing 'screenings,' nor would you think of selling your buttermilk to the cheese-factory, and yet by ignoring the necessity of a constant supply of fresh air for breathing purposes, you do something that is infinitely more absurd.

Your butter-milk, and your screenings, and your transparent tea are simply negations of superior qualities, but the air which has once vivified the blood of a breather has not only had most of its good qualities abstracted, but has actually had imparted to it, *always* one, (sometimes more) that is positively poisonous.

It is not improbable that if we were compelled to pay some contracting company, at the rate of one cent per million cubic feet of fresh air for breathing, we should be extremely anxious about the quality and quantity of our lung-food, but we get it for nothing thank goodness ! and those of us who are ignorant, value it accordingly.

Strange, too, as it may appear, the law which has been enacted on every purpose to ensure a supply of pure air for the pupils of the Ontario schools, has, at least in some instances, frustrated its own intention, for, although it requires that each room should be large enough to contain a certain quantity of *breathing space*, not a word is said concerning the means to be devised for ventilation, nor is there any system of sanitary inspection, and the consequence is that although the new erections are more commodious and more elegant than those of old, many of them are also more *air-tight*.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The village postmaster soon becomes acquainted with the chirography of those whose correspondence passes through his office.

Mr. Bunt knew this, and not wishing to have his name connected with a letter addressed "Bruno, Box 2347, Ottawa," he was in the habit of dropping his letters to this friend, at vari-

ous points throughout the county. Having written to Mr. "Bruno" shortly after the departure of Somers, he drove to Keweena after tea for the purpose of posting his letter there, and, on the way thither, of procuring for its enclosure an envelope without the tell-tale imprint, "If not called for in ten days return to S. T. Bunt, B.A." etc.

Upon discovering his loss before reaching Keweena, he was almost maddened. Not a moment did he loose in turning his horse's head, and retracing every step of the way. He met and overtook several persons on foot, but to none of them dare he address any inquiry. Perplexed to know what he should do, he at length reached home, wondering as well he might, into whose hands if any, the letter had fallen, but feeling pretty certain that nobody could make much out of it, even if it was found, he wrote another which he intended to post on his trip south the following Monday morning.

In the course of a few days Maurice O'Flynn managed to glean some information about Mr. Somers, and to become acquainted with chairman Turner. O'Flynn having heard from Old Josh that Bunt had sent a letter to the board on the subject of a new school-house, contrived skilfully to introduce the building question, and to get a look at Bunt's letter. He was now convinced that Dick's surmise was the correct one, viz., that the inspector was the writer of the queer missive, the teigning consisting chiefly in the writing being done back-hand.

The state of the case was now fully explained to Mr. Forrand, by Maurice informing him that most undoubtedly inspector Bunt wrote the letter; that it was apparently written for the purpose of being sent to some friends, who, for good reasons, choose to be known in this matter by false names; that the teacher had evidently 'qualified' by getting possession of examination papers from somebody in the city; that Bunt himself, as well as his cronies, appeared to have been similarly implicated at one time; that Somers was now a tool in the inspector's hands, and that arrangements had been consummated for gaining fraudulent possession of the forthcoming examination papers, in order to 'pass' the trio "Bruno," "Mirza," and "Cato."

Tha' honest Old Josh was extremely indignant upon hearing this revelation, we may easily suppose. There and then he firmly determined to lay the matter before the Education Committee at the next meeting of the County Council, but when that time arrived, the attention of the members was so fully occupied in considering the schemes of the railway bonus-hunters, in wirepulling for a new bridge in one place,

a graveled road somewhere else, and the abolition of toll-gates all over the county, that the Education Committee failed to get a sitting, and the Reeve of Rexville found no opportunity of carrying out his good intentions.

It is more than doubtful, at any rate, whether any action would have been taken, even had time and opportunity served, because Mr. Bunt and the majority of the councillors were at one politically, which is equivalent to stating that in the eyes of the county fathers—right or wrong—Bunt was “a white man.”

Before another meeting was held, a new man carried the reeveship in opposition to Ferrand, and the matter dropped out of sight. O’Flynn did not fail to keep his eye on the two culprits, but stranger to the country as he was, he refrained from doing more than amuse himself by watching the current of events.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Contrary to Miss Hannah’s expectation, Dr. Rose did not call to see her that evening, but about midnight, Mrs. Pollock despatched one of the children for him to come immediately as Hannah was highly fevered, and slightly delirious. He had been called about 3 o’clock in the afternoon to a case seven or eight miles distant from the village and did not return till nearly 3 o’clock in the morning. Hannah momentarily became worse, so that in spite of all the good step-mother could do, her patient was almost uncontrollable when the doctor arrived.

Mrs. Pollock hurriedly, and somewhat confusedly, told him the story of the letter, without saying a word as to Hannah’s resolution, but he was not long in making this discovery for himself, for the moment he entered her room she laughed wildly at him as she exclaimed “So you are the editor of the Manitoba paper, are you? You thought to fool me about Nicholas having married a squaw, didn’t you? You wanted me to marry your cousin—you know whom I mean well enough—I mean the school inspector, Rose they call him—, but I shan’t do it—My own Nicholas is teaching in San Francisco—he won’t have Polly Ann Martin in the same room with him, and I’m going to see him to-night—Poor Rose won’t like that but it isn’t my fault—I love Nicholas better than him—You editors think you can cheat poor girls that live in the country but you can’t do it—you’re sure to get found it by clever men like my Nicholas—Poor Rose—.”

“Poor Rose” indeed. He stood before her a picture of misery, unable to say a word until she became exhausted. He

did not fail to observe that she spoke of Colton as Nicholas, and of himself as Rose, and realizing how matters stood, made up his mind that he might as well, henceforth, regard Hannah Pollock as one upon whom he had no claim. Administering a moderately strong dose of bromide of potassium, and leaving some general directions, he was glad to reach the outer air, and to walk hurriedly homewards.

Throughout the greater part of that day, Miss Pollock remained in the same condition, and towards evening Dr. Rose not caring to obtrude his presence on Miss Pollock as she became convalescent, drove over to Parkinson's Corners, and made arrangements, with old Dr. Tuke that the latter should take charge of the patient.

Rose, however, called daily to make inquiries, until he was assured that all danger was past, and as soon as he thought it advisable, he wrote to her, saying that in consideration of all the circumstances he had concluded to withdraw any claim he may have had upon her affections, and to leave her perfectly free in every respect so far as he was concerned.

The tone of coldness in this note proved almost of itself, a relief to Hannah, seeming as it did to show that after all Dr. Rose's affection had not been of the "head and ears" description, and that he was not likely to suffer very much from the change of circumstances beyond, perhaps, a little mortification.

She replied to him tenderly, thanked him heartily for his many kindnesses, wished him an abundance of good wishes, and subscribed herself as his "truly sincere friend."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

We have almost lost sight of Miss Polly Ann Martin, and that will never do. That amiable young lady having so summarily discovered that she possessed no talent in the school marm line, devoted most of her spare time to organ-practice, and succeeded so well that she speedily became a pretty fair player and actually presided at last under the Rev. Horrocks in "Zion."

It is true she had not quite reached that point of perfection when the "split" took place between Dr. Rose and Miss Pollock, but she had got far enough to feel like turning up her nose at a mere organ, and she and Mammy Martin had been for some time in conspiracy as to how best they should go about broaching to the 'old man' the idea of procuring a bran new rosewood piano.

"Lawk-a-daisy," said Mammy, one day when she and her seraphic daughter had the subject in hand in the milk-house,

"four hunder dollars is a mint o' money,—twice as much as we gave fur the hull o' the farm, an' I don't b'lieve daddy would ever give in to it."

"Well, but you know *mamvrom*" Polly Ann sweetly interposed, "I could soon pay for it by giving lessons. I would charge \$15 a quarter, and suppose I had only five pupils for a year that would come to \$300 alone, and then you see it wouldn't take long to make up another hundred the same way."

"No, that's very true, an' it seems easy enough lookin' at it that way, but it won't be so easy to make daddy see it as we do. Howsomer, we'll try him to-night if he's in a good temper, but we must go mightly easy now, I tell you.—Let's see. How should we start? Suppose I ask you to play "There is a fountain," or "Into a world of ruffians sent" or "Too strong I was to conquer sin," eh? Then you go on an' play, an' after a bit stop an' say, 'Oh; pshaw! that toon can't be played right on no organ, then I'll say 'how's that?' an' I guess we can work it round all right."

"What a capital planner you are *mamma*. I'm sure that's just splendid. And you can say you're tired hearing an organ in the house any way, and you don't see why we can't have something better as well as other people you know, that ain't half so well off as we are; then I'll say, 'Oh *mamma* it would take me more than a whole year to pay for a piano, and you should ask me how I could pay for one, then I'll explain it all to you, and afterwards I'll look sad, and say 'But I suppose it's of no use to talk about such a thing in *this* house and you can go on and say anything you please."

"Why, lawk-a-daisy! Polly Ann, if you ain't a better planner nor I be I'd like to know where there is one, but mind you, we must go easy, fur if dad smelt a rat he'd be as mad as a March hare."

As the result of repeated attacks made on the above basis, and kindly aided by means of a word or two on the part of the Rev. Mr. Horrocks, Phil Martin was inveigled beyond retreat—the piano was procured—Mammy Martin was gratified—Polly Ann Martin was ineffably delighted,—Jerusha, Levi, Nancy, Wesley and Albert Edward were pleased, and all the neighbors were as jealous as ever they could be, so they were!

But Polly Ann cared not a whit for the neighbors' jealousy, or, rather, it seemed only to add piquancy to her enjoyment, and it must be acknowledged that with but slight assistance from a professional teacher she made such remarkable progress as enabled her in a comparatively short time to tackle "The Battle of Prague," and to thump her way clear through it in a

manner that fairly astounded "Daddy" and "Mammy," and that afforded intense pleasure to all the young Martins.

Tom Horsfall in his semi-weekly visits 'just to see the old man' did not feel half so much at home with the piano in the parlor, as with the old organ.

The great scarlet cover, embroidered with yellow silk, appeared to affect him quite as seriously as did the elaborately carved legs of the instrument itself, and even Polly Ann he thought, was 'a different kind of a girl' when seated upon the new music stool from what she used to be when he when 'roosting on the family wobble atop of a chair, playing "I want to be an angel."

Polly Ann herself did not feel like the same girl, and what is more, she began to think that Tom's presence was somewhat out of keeping with the surroundings, but she was far too wise to say so to Tom.

CHAPTER XL.

Many of the wells in Harden were situated in close proximity to the outhouses, and the outhouses were 'sinks of pollution.' The idea of communication between the deposits of filth and the water-supply was altogether foreign to the thoughts of the simple-minded Hardenites. Harden had always been a remarkably healthy village and there appeared to be no reason why this happy state of affairs should be interrupted, otherwise than by some 'visitation of God.'

The Hardenites did not take into account that although the soil performs the office of an immense sponge, like a sponge, its power of absorption is limited. Imperceptibly, the earth, in many places, had become fully charged with noxious organic matter—charged beyond the power of unassisted nature to assimilate or deodorize. Imperceptibly also the wells became tainted with offensive matter, the villagers meantime quaffing the water under the pleasant delusion that because it was clear, cool, sparkling and free from any disagreeable flavor nothing further was, or could be, desirable!

Five or six cases of typhoid fever, and four or five times as many of diphtheria rudely awakened the Hardenites to the stern reality of their unsanitary condition. For two weeks the school was closed, affording W. Horatio an opportunity of visiting Roper and of making arrangements for the delivery of the examination papers in due season.

Albert Edward and Nancy Martin were among the first to be attacked with diphtheria although they lived outside of the village, and Dr. Rose, it was observed, visited the young Martins much more frequently than he did any of his other juvenile

patients, for this disease was confined almost wholly to children. By-and-by, Polly Ann became unwell. She complained of headache and sore throat, but Dr. Rose could detect nothing membranous about the throat; nor was the temperature of her body abnormally high. It is true that as he held her hand, her pulse quickened considerably, but he was conscious that his own on these occasions was similarly affected!

After the death of Albert Edward (and so far as the existence of such a sobbish name was concerned, it was a mercy he died!) Polly Ann grew much worse. For a week or more she remained the greater part of the time in bed. She complained of pain in the chest one day, and somewhere else the next. Her appetite at meal times was far from being good, but perhaps this was because she visited the cupboard in the next apartment at times, just to avoid giving "Mammy" any trouble.

At every visit the doctor looked into her mouth, (she always used a fragrant dentifrice before he came), felt her pulse and placed the back of his hand to her cheek. On the third day he brought his stethoscope and made a thorough examination in the region of her heart and lungs, enabling him to conclude that there was a little congestion in the inferior, anterior portion of the right lung, and that the action of the heart was in need of regulation.

For nearly a week he carefully examined his patient in the same manner twice a day, until he was able to pronounce all cause of uneasiness as having passed away. She requested plaintively to know whether she might practise on the piano. Dr. Rose accorded his permission on condition that she should not continue at it more than half-an-hour daily, and he expressed his gratification to know that she was musically inclined, as he assured her that he was passionately fond of the divine art himself.

Miss Martin said she knew that, and had often told her mother how much she admired his rich bass voice, adding that she would be pleased if he could spare time to drop in some evening and join them in singing "Just as I am."

The doctor said he would, and went away thinking what a very nice girl Polly Ann was growing to be.

CHAPTER XLI.

Shortly after the return of Mr. Somers from Toronto where he concluded arrangements with Tom Roper according to which a certain package was to be addressed to "R. M. Johnson, Commercial Traveller, Plunkett's Creek, P. O." a distance of

twenty-three miles from Harden, he received an invitation to call on the Rev. Mr. Haivers.

He wondered what was in the wind now, and reached the residence of Mr. Haivers in anything but a composed frame of mind, but the benignity of the reverend gentleman's appearance coupled with the suavity of his welcome placed Mr. Somers at his ease. "It is evident" thought he, "that the old gent doesn't mean mischief anyhow, and whatever else he is driving at, he may fire away as hard as he likes."

"I was desirous of conferring with you" Said the Rev. Mr. Haivers "upon a ma-atter to wheech interests me very profoundly—a ma-atter to wheech I have given a great deal of considera-ation, and wheech I trust will reach frueetion in His own good time—a time that it behoves us a-ahll to work for, and to pra-ay for—to pra-ay without ceasing, as those who must give an account of the deeds done in the bo-dy, whether they be good, or whether they be evil, and I am so-rry to sa-ay that our evil deeds in ma-any instances far outnumber tho-ose that be of good report, for in the words of the apo-os-tle 'When I would do good evil is praisent with me' and I might a-add that evil is praisent with us a-ahll, for as one of old hath said 'The heart is deceitful above a-ahll things and desperately wicked,' tried and tempted of the Evil One every mo-oment of our lives, for we know that he go-oeth about like a ro-oaring lion seeking whom he ma-ay devour, ah, yes, seeking whom he may devour, and he devours a grea-eat ma-any of us every da-ay—every da-ay of our lives, for our lives are short and uncertain, a mere flash in the bucket, as it were, or but a drop in the pan, ah, yes, 'To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be ta-aken awa-ay even that he hath' wheech ca-ahlls me to mind that I was desirous of conferring with you upon a ma-atter that interests me very profoundly—a ma-atter to wheech I have given a grea-eat deal of considera-ation—considera-ation, and wheech I trust will—wheech I trust you will co-opera-ate with me in, so the extent of your leemited ability ; need I sa-ay in conclu—— need I sa-ay that I refer more espaicially to the the subject of releigious instruc-tion in our public schools,—schools that are in the meantime utterly Go-odless, while she that sitteth upon the Seven Hills is pampered at the expense of government, and ena-abled to indoctrina-ate a-ahll her deluded offspring in the te-enets of a false system, a system that is hurrying da-aily, millions of lost souls to an eternal perdeeetion, and it is to get a little insight on the mode of conducting the school of this village that I extended my invita-ation to you at this time,—a village that is now so-orely afflicted by the hand of the A-ahlmighty, no

doubt as a,—as a, as a so-olemn warning to each and every one of us that His wa-ays are not as our wa-ays, and that altho-ough we may follow the counsels of the Enemy to tra-ain up the young to-otally destitute of releegion, that He, is in his o-own good time will bring us to a true sense of our wickedness, as he is now, no doubt, doing in our midst this very da-ay, in view of the awful and so-olemn fact that we ut-terly igno-ore Him in our schools, for, you have no doubt a-ahready ta-aken cognizance that a-ahll those who are stricken are of te-ender years, dear to the hearts of their pa-rents, for an admoneetion to them no doubt, and to each and every one of us—have you not?”

“I have,” said W. Horatio.

“Ah, yes,” continued the Rev. Mr. Haivers, having paused barely long enough for even this short reply. “Ah, yes, I thought so, and I am truly glad in my heart to know that in this ma-atter we agree, notwithstanding the fact that you are connected with another christian denomina-tion—a denomina-tion that has produced a few gre-eat divines—a few gre-eat divines, especially during the sixteenth century—men who if they lived in our da-ay, would not trifle with so serious a subject, a subject wheech interests me very profoundly and to wheech I have given a gre-eat deal of considera-tion, for it is most deplo-orable that the young and rising genera-tion in this favored land—a land of Sa-abbaths and bibles, wheech are circula-ated now in a-ahll the tongues of the known world at a compa-aratively sma-all cost, only that they do not conta-ain, I am sorry to sa-ay, the Psa-alm of Da-avid in metre, wheech are in a-ahll human probability the most beautiful specimens of lyric poetry in existence at the praisent da-ay, not excepting even the works of Robert Burns,—who was not so good a man perhaps as he ought to have been in considera-tion of where he was born and brought up, for, in the parish scho-ols of my own na-ative land, not only do they use the bible, ah, yes, but they use the Sho-orter Catechism, wheech is the best compendium of theology either in the English language or in any other language beneath the sun, and I pra-ay that the da-ay may speedily come when a seemilar state of educa-tion ma-ay be grounded in this land, and when a-ahll men from the least even to the gre-eatest shall do what in them lies for the furtherance of this good time,—a time not like the praisent when a-ahll the children can tell you where Montrea-ahl is, and where Toronto is, and where Hamilton is, but know nothing about the situa-tion of Jerusalem, or of Bethleh-um, or of Mount Moriah, and I am sure you will acknowledge that this is a most deplo-orable condection of affa-airs is it not? Ah, yes, I

was assured you would agree with me on this head, wheech is a-ahll the more cheering when we consider how ma-any of the teachers in this fa-air province are in the ga-ahll of bitterness and in the bonds of ineequity, for we are truly a world lying in sin, as saith the Psalmist, 'I was born in sin, and in in-eequity did my mother conceive me.' I am rejoiced to feel Mr. Somers that you for one are on our side in this Armageddon, and as I am enga-ged in the compila-ation of stateestics for presenta-ation to the Assaimbly. I shall ava-ail myself of the informa-ation you have so kindly afforded for that purpose. Ah, yes! Goode-evening, Mr. Somers, I intend to ca-ahll at your school some da-ay. Good e-evening—good e-evening."

Mr. Somers departed not knowing whether to feel more amused at the one-sided nature of the interview, or annoyed at the patronisingly cool way in which he had been treated, but he was giad to have escaped a course of unpleasant questioning relative to the effects of the religious instruction he imparted to the pupils of No. 7 (for he did impart much) knowing how little good seemed to be accomplished, and that but for the aid of Mr. Bunt, he would long ago have lost every particle of authority in the school-room.

CHAPTER XLIII.

As soon as Miss Pollock was strong enough to sit up, she indited a long and explanatory note to Nicholas Colton, in which she recounted every event that had taken place since she heard from him at Sault Ste. Marie.

When he received this letter, his indignation was boundless, He threatened all manner of pains and penalties against the Manitoba editor, against the fellow who hoaxed the editor with the Squaw Marriage story, and against every one on the staff of the paper. If there had been any lawyer in Rat Portage, Colton would have placed the matter in his hands at once, but as it was, this was impossible; he did, therefore, what he thought was the next best thing, he wrote a sharp letter to the Winnipeg newspaper man, demanding the name of him who furnished the particulars of the supposed marriage, with the alternative of a suit for defamation of character.

In reply to this he received the following communication.

PORTAGE LAPRARIE, ———

Nicholas Bolton, or Dolton, or Colton, or whatever your name may be, Esq.,

Sir,—The editor-in-chief of our paper has forwarded to me a letter he recently received from you, and which letter, I must say, is grossly abusive.

If you are the fellow at whose marriage to Wild Bull in the Muskeg's daughter I was present, and if you have become tired of your beautiful aboriginal bride, and want on some pretext or other to discard her, then all I can say is that the funeral is none of mine, so that so far as I am concerned you may do as you please; but when, (if you are the same chap) you write a private note to the Boss, and therein impugn my veracity as a reporter, I can't stand it.

Anyhow, in case you ain't the chap, what right have you to get your back up so high and round about the description our paper gave of another fellow's nuptials? Miss Muskeg that was, never found any fault with it, and Bolton (was that your name once?) seemed to tackle it all right enough at the time, and I haven't seen him since; and what is more, if you are he, and now want to throw overboard Old Muskeg's girl, I don't want to see you—but if you ain't what's all the row about?

My own opinion is that what Rat Portage requires just at present is a nice little one-horse lunatic asylum, and that if you were to apply for a position in it, you would be able to get lots of testimonials.

You keep on writing to the Boss like a good fellow, telling him that you are Norquay, or Donald Smith, or some other world-wide celebrity, and threaten to punch his head for lying about you—I'll back you.

Remember me kindly to Bon-nie Muskeg-ah-qua, and believe me to be now and forever, yours and only yours

Contemptuously,

G. W. BARTRAM.

P.S.—In case you propose deserting the young lady in question, I would advise you to lay in a supply of good, fresh scalps—you may need them.

G. W. B.

Mr. Colton discovered how deeply "he had put his foot into it," before he came to the end of Mr. Bartram's letter, which he enclosed with one from himself and addressed to Miss Pollock, informing her that she might look for him any time inside of a week after it reached her.

CHAPTER XLII.

Simultaneously with, or at least, shortly subsequent to, the general purification of backyards, cesspools and wells that took place in Harden on the recommendation of doctors Tuke and Rose, after the deaths of nine children and two adults, the "Visitation of God" was removed, and even Miss Polly Ann Martin made a complete recovery.

But, notwithstanding the healthy condition of the Martin household in common with others, it was observed by the neighbors that the doctor's calls there were well nigh as frequent as when Polly Ann, Nancy and Albert Edward were ill.

Some said that Dr. Rose had refused to maintain his intimacy with Miss Pollock, upon discovering that she was of a consumptive family—others that she gave him the 'mitten' be-

cause contrary to her wishes he attended upon Miss Martin, but the general impression was that they had quarrelled about the ring.

"It was like this," said Mrs. Doopelsnipe, "for Mrs. Short told me with her own mouth, and Mrs. Pollock told her. You see, the doctor, he says, 'Hannah, I'm agoing to buy a ring to-morrow,' and says she, 'I hope it'll be a handsome one, for I can't abear them plain hoop things,' and says he, well, I like hoop rings the best' and she up and says 'If I can't git married with nothing but a hoop ring, then I shan't git married at all.' This made the doctor mad, and says he 'My mother was married with a plain ring, and I don't see why you can't be! Then she got madder than ever, Mrs. Short says you never saw the like of it in all your life, and she says, says she, 'you needn't mention your old dead mother to me, I ain't your mother, and if you ain't agoin' to buy me a hunder dollar diamond and pearl gold ring, you can go about your business and never come back here no more,' and so he left her, and the very next day she was in a ragin' fever, and Dr. Rose didn't want to have nothin' to do with her and so Mrs. Pollock had to go and git old Tuke. Them's the very words I had from Mrs. Short, and I can quite believe it, for she allus wus as full of airs as an egg is of meat, but I guess this'll learn her a lesson, or else my name ain't Doopelsnipe."

In accordance with a full belief in the Doopelsnipe theory, the majority of the Hardenites extended their sympathy to Dr. Rose, although not many of them were able to say much in favor of the new object upon which he had placed his affections, not that Polly Ann was naturally unamiable; her chief fault in the eyes of those who knew her best, consisted in the vain and pretentious attempts she made to assume the *role of young lady*, and for this "Mammy" was far more to blame than Polly Ann herself.

From childhood she had been petted and pampered by both parents. Had she cried for the moon, mammy would have felt sorry that the luminary could not be procured for Polly Ann to roll about in the barn-yard. Her over-loaded and disordered baby stomach produced petulance and irritability, attempts of Mammy to satisfy and soothe which cultivated the child's self-well. As school-girl she became sulky and quarrelsome. At the age of sixteen her assumption of airs was intolerable, and for a few days after procuring her certificate, she was, as Mr. McTavish said "neither to haud, nor to bin'."

In one word, Polly Ann, was like many another young woman in this country, the victim of cruel kindness.

The reflection incident to her discomfiture as a teacher serv-

ed to bring out some of her better qualities, and to repress, at least in company, a few of those acquired arrogancies that rendered her presence so disagreeable.

The more Dr. Rose saw of her, the more he saw to admire, and the more he wondered why he had not made the discovery long before. He regarded her in every way a superior girl to Hannah Pollock and could as scarcely understand now why he had ever thought so much of the latter young lady at all.

Polly Ann, on her part, was delighted to receive even the slightest attention from him, and to put it mildly, resolved that she would neither do nor say anything that would tend to make him less frequent in his calls to inquire after the welfare of the now convalescent young Martins.

The intimacy of the two speedily ripened. "Mammy's" eyes were not shut by any means, and she took occasion to open "Dad's." Both of them were delighted with the prospect of having a live doctor in the family, and all the more, that as they reckoned, Polly Ann was 'cutting out' Hannah Pollock 'and wouldn't Hannah rip'?

CHAPTER XLIV.

In due course Nicholas Colton made his escape from Rat Portage (or, as he was in the habit of pronouncing it "Rah-portazh"), and found his way to Harden.

It is as needless to say that the meeting of Colton and Hannah Pollock was a happy one, as it would be to recount the mutual explanations, elucidations and consequent embraces of their first day in the company of each other.

He declared that he was contented—satisfied—happy: she, that her joy was almost more than she, could realize.

Mrs Pollock thought Nicholas one of the "jolliest" fellows she ever knew, and when she mentally compared his ingenuous, manly, and bewhiskered countenance, with the weak 'faceognomy' of Dr. Rose, she felt thankful at the escape Hannah had made. The heartiness of his very laugh made the whole family feel like a pic-nic party, and when Mrs. Pollock tried to contrast these merry outbursts with the laugh of Dr. Rose she was completely at fault, for the simple reason that she had never heard the doctor laugh, and that again for the equally simple reason that he never indulged in anything of that kind, beyond a snicker that seemed to come from no further down than the topmost edge of his stand-up linen collar.

As a first-class story-teller, Dick Ferrand voted Colton 'a reg'lar brick,' for, during the stay of Nicholas in Harden he spent much of his time either with or without Hannah, on the

farm of 'Old Josh' and took great pleasure in reciting to Dick accounts of his experience in India, the North West, British Columbia, and elsewhere. Here too, he became acquainted with Maurice O'Flynn, for whom he quickly entertained as strong a friendship as Maurice at first sight had conceived for him, and it was mainly owing to Colton's professional knowledge that Maurice was subsequently enabled to 'locate' and 'pre-empt' his first tract of land on the Red Deer River, in what is now the Territory of Alberta.

During the manifold confidences that passed between these two young men, Maurice made reference to the finding of the letter, and to his assurance that the writer was no other than the school inspector for the county. At first Nicholas did scarcely more than listen, but as soon as Bunt's name was introduced, he almost savagely interrupted his friend.

"What!" he exclaimed "Bunt! Bunt, did you say? Solomon Tomkins Bunt! I know Bunt, and Bunt knows me. Why, Flynn that fellow is fit for anything under heaven, that's mean, or sneaking, or despicable, if only it's for his own advantage. There's nothing so low as to be beyond his stooping power to grasp. To say that he would steal the coppers from a dead man's eyes, or sell his mother-in-law, doesn't go half way towards filling the bill. He would barter his soul, if he believed he had one, to gain much less than the whole of the world. Devoid of principle as a rattlesnake is of song, he is, nevertheless, like the other reptile, capable of making some noise, and of biting venomously when time and opportunity serve his purpose. He came to our university when compelled to flee from another, and I have the most positive proof that he 'screwed' his way to a degree. He is a braggart, a bully, a traitor and a sycophant. With talents far below mediocrity, his pretensions are transcendent within his own little sphere. Yes, yes, I know Mr. S. T. Bunt (B. A. forsooth!) and you may depend upon this, that you and Dick have hit the right nail on the head, but take my advice—say nothing about it to anybody; you will have only your trouble for your pains, for unless he is now far less crafty than he used to be, he will effectually cover up all his tracks, sneak out of an exceedingly small hole, and in all likelihood, eventually succeed in making it appear not only that he is immaculate, but that the informer is a heavy villain."

How grievously pitiful it is that so many of the pedagogic pirates have escaped unwhipt of justice, and that men like Colton, rather than run the almost certain risk of being balked and maligned, prefer to do absolutely nothing.

CHAPTER XLV.

Long before the summer holidays Mr. W. Heratio Somers found that even with all the assistance rendered by the inspector from time to time the management of No. 7 had fallen into the hands of the pupils.

Had there been anything about the school-house or grounds worth destroying it would have been destroyed. Of the few maps remaining when he entered upon his duties, not a vestige was now in existence. Where patches of plaster formerly clung to the ceiling, all was bare, for added to the knowledge that a school house was 'going up anyhow,' the lads found the material capital stuff for storing in their pockets and projecting at convenient intervals to the girls' side. The last piece of ceiling, containing about a square yard, hung precariously for some time immediately over the teacher's seat, but one evening our friend Dick and a companion effected an easy entrance into the Temple of Knowledge, and cunningly contrived to loosen the lathing so effectually, that next morning, by means of a long string ingeniously carried over the remaining lathes and allowed to hang down in one corner of the room, the whole mass was precipitated upon the defenceless head of W. Horatio, who good-naturedly regarded the event as one purely incidental to decay and gravitation.

He was undeceived, however, next morning when he found that the poet of the school had embalmed the event in verse and placed a copy on the teacher's desk. The 'pome' ran thus:

"Bill Somers sat in his desk
 Reading a love letter
 When some plaster come down on his head
 And it'll take a week to get better.

He thought it come down itself
 But that shows he's a fool
 For it wouldn't a come if we hadn't pulled a string
 That hung down in the corner of the school.

Mr. Somers became furious and foolishly tried to find out by bluster and threats, what with more gumption he would either have discovered by other means, or have allowed to pass at the time unheeded.

Of course he discovered nothing. How could he? There was not one in school that day who wrote such a 'pome' who placed it on the desk, or who on the previous day pulled any string! So far from that, nobody had ever heard of these things being done, and more than one boy assured him that if they had known anything about it they would have told him before the mischief was perpetrated.

During the whole of that forenoon the pupils in No. 7 were the victims of a Reign of Terror. The punishments inflicted were fierce and frequent, particularly on the very small boys.

Willie Dawson, aged five, and at school for only a few days had his little finger knocked out of joint; Robert Wilson also aged about five received a severe blow on the head, causing blood to flow. Mary Bawtenheimer, aged seven was flogged over the neck and back until the wales became purple, and Sammy Turner, between six and seven the only and beloved son of the chairman-secretary-treasurer was the recipient of an otherwise intended blow that produced a very ugly-looking black eye.

Many of the girls cried most of the forenoon while Somers in his state of semi-insanity, was inflicting upon his pupils that punishment of which he himself was most deserving, but when he undertook to lay violent hands upon a tender mite who was simpering as she cowered in terror beside an older sister, the brother of both, a stout lad of fourteen or fifteen rose from his seat and yelled "Now then Somers, you big coward that you are, just drop that will you, or I'll sling this ink bottle at your head."

Somers did 'drop that' but rushed wildly at the boy who spoke in defence of his little sister. The lad eluded the teacher's fury by vaulting over one of the long double-decked desks, and scrambling out of the open window. The rage of the infuriated weakling quickly moderated after this, and when twelve o'clock arrived he looked the very picture of incompetence and imbecility.

Great were the excitement and indignation among the elder portion of the Hardenites, upon hearing the animated accounts given by the pupils of what had been enacted that morning in the old school-house. Naturally enough, the parents of those children who suffered most, were highly wroth, and during the afternoon so many complaints were lodged with the trustees, that these worthies having consulted with each other resolved to call a meeting of the ratepayers the following day (Saturday) at 3 p.m.

CHAPTER XLVI.

To use newspaper phraseology, 'long before the hour appointed, the building was 'literally crammed and many were unable to gain admittance.' On the suggestion of Bunt, B.A., for whom Turner had sent a messenger, the meeting was held out-of-doors. For reasons best known to the inspector (and to us) he intended doing all that was possible in the interests of

Somers, being careful meanwhile to say nothing that might prove detrimental to himself in the eyes of Reeve Ferrand, as a county councillor.

Having been placed in the chair, he addressed the meeting with reference to the difficulties of a teacher's position, the provocation incident to the freaks of youth, the high moral and Christian character of Mr. Somers (who did not put in an appearance), his eminent success as a teacher elsewhere, the necessity of maintaining good order, and so forth, and trusted that calm discussion and investigation would show that things were not so bad as they at first sight appeared to be. It is hard to tell how long he might have gone on in this way, or how much he might have said for the purpose of placing the matter in the best light for Somers, had he not caught the eye of Nicholas Colton in the crowd, and from that moment until the close of the meeting he hardly dared to utter a syllable.

For some time nobody seemed to know what to say or do, when Mr. Dixon shouted from the middle of the crowd, "I hope you don't mean to keep us here till dark," all the lads and young men on the outskirts of the gathering, hereupon shouted, "Dixon, Dixon."

The old gentleman was not loath to 'say his say,' for he was just then enduring an emotional pressure equal to something like five hundred pounds to the square inch! Without preface or circumlocution, therefore, he began: "I people want to get the worth of their money they must pay a fair price for what they buy. You can't purchase a thoroughbred cow for \$20, neither need you expect the services of a thoroughbred teacher for \$200 a year. The thing is perfectly preposterous. If a man offers to sell you what he calls a good beast for a mere trifle, you may depend there's something wrong—perhaps he stole it—and in the same way no man worth his salt will offer to teach a school for \$18 a month and board himself at \$2 a week. I say again it is preposterous. Any hired man can make more than that, and a man that teaches for less than a laborer gets, must feel that he has not brains enough to make a good laborer. I shall not say a word about laziness, for I know that the school-master who is worthy of the name, does work that wearies him just as much as if he had to rake and bind all day.

"But you expect to get a good teacher for next to nothing, and then when you find out that he is not only worth nothing but worse than that, you make a great fuss about it. Wouldn't you laugh at the man who complained of being cheated if he invested \$20 in what someone told him was a first-class cow? And wouldn't you say 'served him right'! That's just how I look upon this miserable affair. For a paltry, starvation sum

the board of trustees expected to get a man, and what *did* they get? But although that is my opinion of the penny-wise policy of the trustees, I do not for a moment justify Mr. Somers in doing what he is alleged to have done, but which, after all, is none of our business. It is for the parents in the first place to prosecute him before a magistrate, and in the next place it is for the trustees to shoulder all the responsibility of retaining his services or of dispensing with them.

"It would be a great pity if we, the ratepayers of No. 7 should permit this opportunity to slip without expressing our disapproval of cheeseparing in school matters. Our children are our most precious possessions, and it is our duty as civilized beings to provide them not only with food and clothing, but to do for them intellectually and morally all that we can, so that we may bequeath them to our country as men and women able to take rank with the best of nature's nobility in any land beneath the sun.

"We are erecting a school-house, which although far from fulfilling my desires, will probably be an improvement on the old one, and my opinion is that we should have a thoroughly well-qualified teacher even though we have to pay the enormous sum of four or five hundred dollars a year for him. Now, I want to know what the rest of you think, no matter whether you have children at school or not, for too many people foolishly suppose that so long as they have no little ones in attendance, that is a reason why they should refrain from interesting themselves in school affairs. This is a most mischievous supposition and one that is as false as—as, as false as hell itself. As parents we certainly have more interest in our own than in the children of others, but as citizens we should *all* feel concerned in the welfare of one another.

"I beg leave to move that this meeting has no right to interfere in matters wholly within the competence of the trustees, until it can be shown that the trustees fail to perform their duties; that we object to any discussion on present school difficulties, but that we take this opportunity of impressing the trustees with our belief that it is for the interest of this section to engage the services of a good teacher at a salary of not less than four hundred dollars. Will any one second my motion?"

Nicholas Colton, Maurice O'Flynn and a number of sturdy young farmers loudly applauded Mr. Dixon's speech, which, after a short pause, was seconded by Andrew McTavish, eldest son of the former trustee.

At this point Mr. Turner rose to say, "I am blamed glad to tell you that Somers has just sent me his resignation and I guess we'll accept it, but that ain't a-going to hender us from

puttin' him through afore Squire Beamish.

"I don't think Mr. Dixon is right to blame us for hirin' Somers, he had some of the best recommends you ever seen. Here is one we got from the Rev. Mr. Twiddleton, of Millsbury, that I brought along just to let you see how we got fooled. It says 'I kin confidently recommend him to any Board of Trustees as an intelligent gentlemen, of onimpeachable moral rectitooode, an admire-able disciplinarian, kind but firm in the management of his pupils and deeply enamoured of the work to which he has consecrated his talents and energies.'

"Now, I want to know if that wasn't a good send off, and if you fellows mightn't a been took in just as well as us. We wanted to do the best we knew how to save money, but of course if you want to git a high-priced teacher we kin git you one. I would like, though, to ask Mr. Dixon if he don't think we might be took in even if we paid twice as much as we do."

The inspector nodded to Mr. Dixon, and that gentleman replied to Mr. Turner.

"Yes, it is possible that you might be mistaken in your choice even if you offered a fair salary, so long as men in the position of Mr. Twiddleton continue to pen such testimonials indiscriminately, either wittingly or unwittingly; but the way look at it is this; if a teacher offers for a very low salary it is evident that there is something wrong, so that the cheap teacher is nearly always one that is incompetent—on the other hand, he who demands fair pay for his work is, in all probability, one who feels that he is worth all he asks, and that if he cannot get it in one place, may in another. Failing in this, it is not unlikely that he will forsake his calling altogether for something else, as many of the best teachers I ever knew have done."

Elder Duncan said he would rather not take any part in the discussion, but could not help remarking that he agreed with Mr. Dixon. If they wanted a good teacher, they must be prepared to pay him well.

Mr. Doopelsnipe said he thought two hundred dollars was enough for any body that got two months' holidays every year, when they could earn two hundred dollars more by peddling family bibles.

There were were others who thought with Doopelsnipe, and who, like him could not see that the argument (?) proved far too much. Upon the ears of these people fell totally unappreciated Mr. Dixon's reply, to the effect that people had no right to expect that teachers any more than preachers should peddle bibles during vacation for the sake of eking out a livelihood.

On the whole, however, the *feeling* of the meeting just then

was in favor of securing a good teacher at a fair salary, so that when inspector Bunt put the motion, it was carried by almost two to one of a majority.

After a few moments' conversation with the inspector Mr. Turner informed those present that as it was probable that Mr. Dixon's views were correct regarding the powers of such a meeting, and as Somers had placed his resignation in the hands of the trustees, there was nothing more to be done. "Them," said he "that want to, can haul Somers up, and I don't mean to let the blamed snipe slip through my fingers, I can tell you."

After the meeting broke up, the ratepayers conversed in groups as to what steps should be taken for the prosecution of the teacher, but nothing definite was done.

Mr. Bunt, on the pretence of sickness in his family drove off home almost immediately, wishing very much to know what had become of W. Horatio, and wondering exceedingly how this affair was going to turn out. Colton's presence at the meeting too, was something beyond his comprehension, and, he thought, boded no good. Could it be that Roper had been 'spotted' in Toronto, that his correspondence and relationship with Somers had been traced, and that Colton's visit to Harden was in some way connected with the purchase of the examination papers?

So true it is that "The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion."

CHAPTER XLVII.

Miss Polly Ann Martin having had a slight attack of her intercostal complaint on the Sunday following the school meeting, Dr. Rose again made a close stethoscopic examination, prescribed some change of diet, and advised absolute rest, adding in a low tone before he left, "If you feel real well to-morrow night, I may allow you to play a little, and I would like to have an opportunity of seeing you alone for a little while."

Now, Polly Ann knew very well that as the doctor nearly always saw her alone, he must mean something when he spoke in this way. What could it be? He surely didn't mean to mention——no, it couldn't be that, for their acquaintance had been so brief; still, it was hard to say. At any rate she would give him a good chance to bring up that subject, if he felt so disposed.

Yes, that was the very subject he intended to introduce, and his motives were not without a taint of malice, for it had come

to his ears on the previous day that Hannah Pollock was to be married in about six weeks, to Colton, whom the doctor hated with all his might. His thoughts shaped themselves somewhat thus: "Hannah Pollock fooled me. She hates Miss Martin. Miss Martin and I hate her. If Miss Martin and I get married before her and Colton, she will see how little I care for her, and how easy it is for me to get a wife just as good (and even better than) she is—yes, I shall ask Miss Polly Ann Martin to-morrow night.'

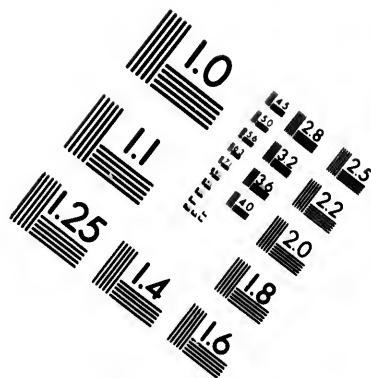
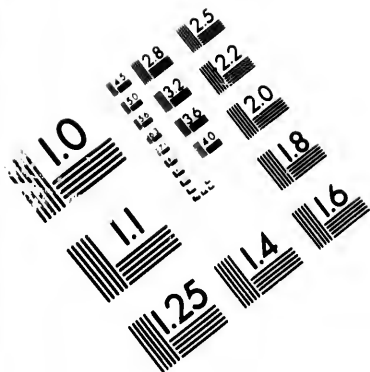
Although the shallow fellow had infinite conceit in himself as a lady-killer, and did not doubt his ultimate success with Polly Ann, he was yet uncertain as to how she would regard his advances at this stage of their acquaintance, but resolved for the sake of revenge on Hannah Pollock to make an avowal of his love without loss of time.

The following evening he was at the Martin mansion according to promise, and found Polly Ann much improved since his visit that morning. After having 'sounded' her once more he gave his consent to her sitting at the piano for fifteen minutes. Pleading slight fatigue before the time was expired, she retired to a lounge where, having lain for a few moments, she gave "Mammy" who was present, a knowing look, which that intelligent lady understood and immediately acted upon by finding a seat in the kitchen along with "Dad" and the hired man.

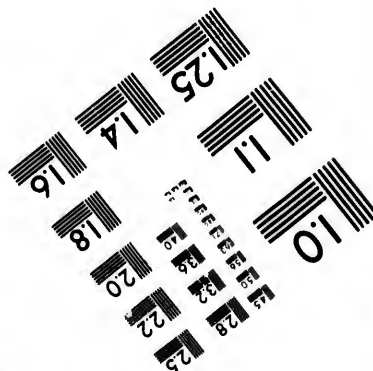
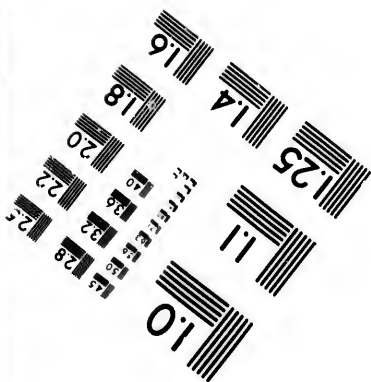
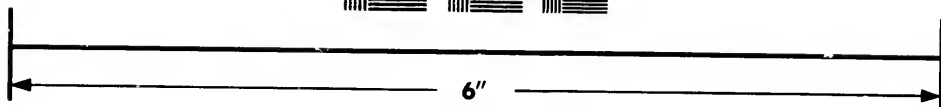
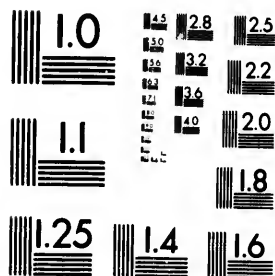
As soon as the coast was clear, the doctor became fidgety. His conversation was jerky, disconnected, and upon a variety of odd topics. He admired one of the doormats on which was 'hooked' a big red cat below a small black house, bordered with blue and yellow circles intended to look like flowers. He praised the leatherwork frame that surrounded what at a short distance seemed to be the picture of a tombstone, epitaph and all, but on closer inspection turned out to be a Family Register, according to the indubitable evidence of which, Polly Ann Martin would be twenty-years of age in forty-eight hours from that very day. He enliterated specimens of wool-work, hair-work, feather-work, cone-work, bead-work, cretonne-work, shell-work, wax-work, and various nameless sorts of work that occupied (let it not be said—decorated) the walls of the parlor.

Polly Ann knew by this time what was coming, (she would have been a fool if she hadn't) and tried to maintain her dignity and self-possession as well as possible, succeeding, it should be said, in so-doing, much better than she did on her first day's experience in the school. When she observed the conversation beginning to drag a little, she asked the doctor whether he would sing if she played "Centre of our hopes thou art."





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To this request the doctor said,

"Yes, certainly ; but, eh, now when I come to think of it, I am sorry I must say that time will not permit, for I have some calls to make ; but Miss Martin, I wish I might call you Polly, have you not noticed anything about me lately, any, any—— as if I—that is, any appearance, I mean for you ?

Polly Ann blushed successfully and said she thought she was wrong to think so, although she had always thought a good deal of him, which she thought was perhaps also wrong, as she understood that his affections were placed elsewhere—in a place that she would scorn to name ! In reply to these *thoughtful* remarks the doctor said, "My dear girl, I was once led astray, but I got my eyes opened, and I just wanted to tell you to-night, that I never was really in love until I became acquainted with you, and if you can say that you love me I will be the happiest man in the profession."

The reader has no doubt frequently observed that third-rate teachers and all doctors invariably speak of their "profession."

"You take me so much by surprise doctor," meekly replied Polly Ann, "that I don't know what to say, but I am sure of this, that I shall never, never, think half so much of any other man in the whole world, as I do of you, and I think it is very wicked of you to make me tell you this so soon, for I did not want to think so even to myself, because I thought you were——

Here Rose interposed "Please not a word about that. I was completely sold, and have to thank you for getting me out of trouble. If I hadn't met with you I would have been miserable—much more than I am now when out of your sight. If I could always have you with me I would be happy."

The first answer Polly Ann felt like making to the last sentence, was, "I guess you may if you like," but her good sense told her this would not be discreet, so she said instead, "I am glad if I have been of any service to you and shall be gladder still if I can add to your comfort and pleasure in the future."

"Will you then my dear Miss Martin consent to be my wife."

"Oh doctor ! how can you ask me such a question as that—you must give me time—a month or two."

"Polly Ann, for I shall call you that now, I must know before another day, for in six weeks I shall have to visit my parents in Nova Scotia, and, you know, I would like to have my wife along with me."

Polly Ann was apparently deeply affected at this point, and "Mammy" who had for some time been listening at the stove-pipe hole in the ceiling, was so joyously excited that she could scarcely refrain from calling down to her daughter to say "Yes"

on the spot. But Polly Ann asked for at least one day to think over it, and to consult with her parents, and it is needless to say that when the time was up, a bargain was made between her and the doctor to be married in Zion Church six weeks (D.V.) from that happy evening.

 CHAPTER XLVIII.

Nearly a week subsequent to the school-meeting Colton received instructions to proceed to the phosphate region in the Ottawa valley, within ten days. This precipitated somewhat the necessary avowals and protestations on his part, and on that of Miss Pollock in connection with 'fixing the day,' but as these were pretty much of the common-place-and-you-know-how description, nothing need be said about them here.

One portion of the conversation, though, it may not be amiss to repeat.

"And now, Hannah," said he, "that we have got so far, tell me this, did you never wonder where I came from, or who my people were, for you must have noticed that I avoided any reference to them?"

Hannah acknowledged that she had sometimes wondered.

"I'm sure you must have," he continued, "and I mean to tell you all I myself know on the subject. I was born in the north latitude 20° and east longitude 150°, which you will find to be a point in the North Pacific Ocean. My father was captain of the barque *Boomerang* sailing from Liverpool. Shortly before setting out on this voyage he married the daughter of another old salt, and decided upon taking her with him for a bridal trip in the shape of a two years' cruise in the eastern seas. For various reasons the voyage lasted longer than was anticipated, but ultimately the *Boomerang* was headed for England after an absence of more than two years, and when I was about six months old.

When making for Tamatave to take in fresh water, the ship was driven out of her course by the north-east monsoons, and totally wrecked on the island of Rodriguez during a terrific hurricane. With the exception of the cook, (who was a negro woman), and myself, every one on board perished. Fortunately, for me, Mam Krokoo the cook was an expert and powerful swimmer, and having snatched me from the grasp of my drowning mother while my father was still at his post in the ship, she succeeded in battling her way with me through the surf. Shortly after landing we were found and kindly treated by a Frenchman and his Malagasy wife. We remained here for about six months, as nearly as I could ever ascertain,

and were taken off by a ship on her way to Calcutta.

A Mr. Balfour, one of the merchant princes of that great city, having heard the story of Mam Krokoo and the white baby, sent us to his estate near Moorsheadabad, and here I remained until I was ten years of age, my dear old Mam Krokoo having then been dead nearly a year. In consequence of reversions in the business of Mr. Balfour, a new proprietor took possession of the estate, and I fell into the hands of a fellow named Drexell, who had been a sort of overseer on the property, and who was, I think, one of the most ferociously cruel brutes that ever lived. I ran away from him, and found myself in the course of two or three months, I can't tell you how, once more in Calcutta.

Here I hid myself in the hold of the first ship I saw getting ready to sail, and I didn't care where she went, so long as she increased the distance between me and the land where Drexell lived. When I became very hungry after being at sea for some time, I crawled into the daylight not knowing how I should be received by the sailors. They were thunderstruck at my appearance, but when they saw that I was a white boy they were immensely delighted. Everyone on board, particularly the captain, treated me with great kindness. When it was discovered that I could not read, the second mate undertook to give me lessons daily from the new testament and the nautical almanac. One of the men made me a pair of trousers another a shirt, and a third a jacket with brass buttons. At Cape Town, the captain bought me a pair of shoes and some stockings, and a child's pictorial version of Robinson Crusoe. Others were foolishly and extravagantly kind, for when we left port I had a full kit of shop-made clothing, a small gold-banded cap, and a large bull's-eye silver watch. Long before this time I had learned that the vessel was the *Cameronian* of Greenock, and that to that port we were bound. But I am spinning this yarn too long——"

"No, no," said Hannah, "I am very much interested in every particular, go on."

"That I have no doubt about, my girl, but in the meantime, I merely want to give you an outline. Well, after arriving at Greenock, the *Cameronian* sailed with another cargo and some emigrants for Quebec, and the captain gave me permission to go with him. When lying at Quarantine in the *St. Lawrence*, owing to some mistake in the medicine chest he poisoned himself and died. Again I was alone. Ultimately I found my way to Montreal and from Montreal to Kingston, where I was adopted by a gentleman who was connected with a seat of learning there. By his means I received a fair education dur-

ing the eight years I lived under his roof, and it was while in that city and with that gentleman that I first heard of the creature who is now your school inspector—him they call Bunt.

I pursued my course in Toronto, where I had once more some reason—personal reason this time—to remember Bunt, for we boarded in the same house with a number of other students. One night a student using the lane for a short cut, saw a suspicious looking young man hand some one over the back-yard fence, something, it was too dark to say what. Fellow-students in other quarters had more than once referred to our place (without naming anybody) as one in which crooked things were likely to be enacted at such a time, that is, before examination. He who saw the transfer effected had his suspicions aroused immediately, and came to inform me, but as I was at the opposite end of the city that evening, he told three or four of our companions. To avoid being seen together they agreed to talk the matter over in the coal-shed, after leaving the house one by one.

Well, they rendezvoused in the appointed place and came to the easy conclusion that Bunt was the man, and that for their own honor, as well as for that of their 'shanty' they should 'raid' his room, and for the sake of appearances the rooms of one or two others also.

By what means he heard them they could only guess, but hear them he did, for before they were able to carry out their project he had regained his room, seized the suspicious parcel, unlocked my door with his own key, opened my trunk, and thrust the parcel into it.

As bad luck would have it, they entered my room first, and he who came to see me a little while before did not fail to observe that although my door was fastened then, it was now unlocked. You may imagine the astonishment of my dearest chum, when, on lifting the lid of my trunk he saw lying on the top of it what a glance showed him to be the papers set for the the forthcoming exam. All the young fellows were dumb-founded, and Bunt listening from the fanlight of his own door, learned that they had made the discovery. They could hardly believe me guilty, but there was the evidence, and besides that, the fact that my door was found open added to their doubts, as showing that I had recently and hurriedly left the room. However they resolved to do nothing until my return, and so they went away to discuss the mystery somewhere else.

As soon as the coast was clear, Bunt again entered my room

and carried of the papers, locking my door thoughtfully as he left.

About an hour after this my chums returning to see if I had come back found my door fastened, and failing to get any reply to their knocks and calls, reluctantly concluded that my reasons for keeping silent were not good.

I remained all night at the house of the friend whom I was visiting, and went straight to the lecture room next day. Before seating myself I was handed a note from professor — asking me to proceed to him the moment I came in. You may imagine Hannah, how I received from the professor the information, that according to a letter he held in his hand, a number of the students who had suspected me for sometime, found in my possession last night certain documents to which I had no right—documents, indeed, relating to the exam. and which I must have procured by fraudulent means.

Without a moment's hesitation I told the professor that it was a d——d lie, and that whoever said so was a d——d liar. Of course I was entirely wrong' but I was almost mad as you may understand, to think that even a breath of suspicion should fall upon me in such a connection. He ordered me out of the room, and forbade my attendance at lectures until the matter was investigated. In the height of my passion I proceeded to my boarding house—packed my things—bought a ticket for Prince Arthur's Landing and there found employment as a land surveyor, for which I had qualified some time previously."

"What a bad, bad, wicked man that Bunt must be" sighed Hannah, the tears standing in her eyes.

"You may well say that, my girl, for it was eventually discovered circumstantially not only that he was the criminal as I have explained to you, but that it was he who wrote the letter to the authorities implicating me, and I now have a letter from head quarters requesting me to return and finish my course, and begging at all events that I should call for a mutual hand-shaking.

This, in brief, is my story. and will account for my reticence relative to parentage and connections. My foster-father in Kingston finds it hard to forgive me for my rashness, but as I intend to call upon him as well as upon my Toronto friends on my way east next week, I have no doubt that when I come back to claim you as my very own, everything will have been explained and arranged satisfactorily."

CHAPTER XLIX.

There was 'no school' in No. 7 on the Monday following the

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indignation meeting, and it soon became known that Mr. W. Horatio Somers had departed from the village, bag and baggage, apparently intending to return never more.

This put an effectual stop to the prosecutions that were threatened against him, and of which his flight proved him to be afraid.

The mental perturbation of Solomon Tomkins Bunt, B. A., for nearly a week was relieved by an epistle from W. Horatio, and bearing the post mark, Detroit. It ran as follows:—

“Mr. S. T. BUNT, Esq., I.P.S

DEAR SIR,—I write to tell you that I am here, also that I have been here four days. I suppose you will blame me for not asking you for to give me your advice, but I had no opportunity of doing so, or of doing anything else before I started to come away here.

I never saw a worse lot of children in all my life than there are in Harden, and I couldn't have stood them another week, I don't think. They provoked me till I had to show them I was master, and I guess they found it out. It was the first time I ever whipped any of them, and it was all their own faults. I only had two dollars when I got here and now I haven't got a cent, and if you will be as kind as to send me twenty-five dollars, I will write to Roper and get him to send the papers any way that will suit you, and I will tell him you gave me the money and he will deduct it from the bill against you. I must have some money next week as I want for to apply for a place selling books through Michigan, and want money for my board here. If you can get the trustees to pay me what they owe me at the end of the half year, I will return you the \$25 anyway, and by doing so you will oblige me.

Yours truly very much—

W. HORATIO SOMERS.

Mr. Bunt did not know what to do, but Bunt was cautious, and Bunt was crafty. He might easily have sent to Somers the sum required, for that very morning he had received from W. J. Graves and Son, publishers, a cheque for fifty dollars as royalty due to him on the sale of that firm's school books in his division of the county, during the year, but he wanted to be quite sure that his money would not be thrown away. He replied, therefore, to the effect that he would send Somers ten dollars in the meantime, and that as soon as the 'other things' came to hand he would either send him fifteen more, or see that the trustees paid him in full.

Meantime the trustees of No. 7 met and decided not to take any steps towards re-opening the school until after the mid-summer vacation. But they did more than this, they resolved not to pay Mr. Somers one cent for his services beyond what he had already received in the shape of the legislative grant in February.

Bunt's offer to Somers must have proved satisfactory, for in little more than three weeks, the inspector was wiser than the Cen-

tral Committee, knowing as he did not only all the questions set for examination, but the answers to a few of these questions, the whole of which were in due course forwarded to "Bruno," "Mirza" and "Cato."

Having failed to persuade the trustees of No. 7 that they should pay Mr. Somers in full, he managed with great difficulty to worm out of them fifteen dollars which he kindly undertook to send to Somers, and which he did send as if it had been the balance of the twenty five dollars that Somers asked him for.

That in the fullness of time "Bruno," "Mirza," and "Cato" obtained first-class certificates, grade A, may go without saying, and it may interest some to know that all three are to-day shining lights in the educational firmament of this province; "A province," to use a distinguished man's words, "of whose educational system we, as Canadians, may justly feel proud!" And so we do.

CHAPTER L.

Within a few days of each other Nicholas Colton, P.L.S., and J. R. Rose, M.D., wedded respectively, Hannah Pollock and Polly Ann Martin.

Excitement in Harden during that week ran high. Maurice O'Flynn and Dick Ferrand were almost as much concerned about the *eclat* of their friends' nuptials, as if these friends had been their own relatives. Public opinion having changed, nobody outside of the Martin family seemed to take any kindly interest in the union of the doctor with Polly Ann, if we except Tom Horsfall, and it can scarcely be said that his interest was a kindly one, owing to the fact that he was head and front of a huge conspiracy to 'shivaree' the young couple.

Cow-bells, dinner-horns, old tin-pans, rifles and pistols were engaged for the occasion, for the reason assigned by Tom, that Polly Ann was fond of being *sounded*, and the boys wanted to please her just for once! Tom also very logically explained to the 'boys' that the fun would lose most of its effect on the 'Martin folks' unless they had it to themselves, and that therefore, out of respect for old 'Dad' and 'Mammy' it wouldn't be well to 'shivaree' Hannah Pollock.

The 'boys' saw the point and permitted the marriage of Nicholas and Hannah to pass off quietly, and in recognition of this consideration the newly-wedded pair invited all and sundry to music and a bun feed in Mrs. Pollock's garden the next evening.

On the following day Mr. and Mrs. Colton left by the early

stage-coach to catch the train bound east, and reached Toronto about the hour when Dr. Rose and Miss Martin were united by the Rev. Mr. Horrocks, in Zion Church.

That night, the 'boys' (many of them bearded) to the number of nearly fifty, collected in the 'side line,' opposite to the Martin mansion, and rendered the air hideous with the blare and rattle of their unmusical instruments. Remembering that the Colton affair had passed off unshivareed, Polly Ann, that is to say, Mrs. Rose, was deeply mortified, the doctor was indignant, Phil was mad, 'Mammy' was raging, and the Martin junior took advantage of the general want of oversight, to partake promiscuously and plentifully of everything eatable on which they could lay violent hands.

Phil called for John Wesley to bring him his gun, but just then John Wesley was in grips with Jerusha about a sponge-cake, and didn't hear 'Dad.'

'Mammy,' screamed "Lawk-a-daisy, don't you shoot 'em Dad."

Mrs. Rose said viciously, "Yes, indeed, shoot every one of them."

Dr. Rose said nothing.

Phil Martin brought the gun himself, and going to the door said he would scare the fellows anyway. All this time the noise was not only going on but appeared to increase, and some of the more venturesome lads were standing in Phil's garden about half way between the house and the road which were no great distance apart at farthest.

As Phil fired in the darkness, a young man received most of the charge in his left leg and had to be carried to the village by his companions. Those who remained, consulted as to what should now be done, for the noise had ceased nearly a quarter of an hour. Some one proposed that they should throw stones at the windows and run away, and this was received with acclaim. Not more than a few whole panes were left in the front of Phil Martin's two-storey residence, the venetian blinds were wrecked and the door deeply bruised.

Fortunately for the inmates they had all retired to the back part of the house before the volley was thrown, so that no one was injured. "Mammy" and Polly Ann were wailing and gnashing their teeth—Phil and the doctor were gnashing their teeth and swearing—mildly,

Next day squire Beamish was kept busy issuing summonses and when the court was held nobody could prove that anybody was at the 'shivaree'; nobody had *seen* anybody else throwing stones; nobody could swear that they knew who used the firearms, outside or inside; nobody was fined and

absolutely nothing was done.

The Martins and the Roses were confident of one thing, however, and that was that the Coltons were at the bottom of all the mischief, and that they had left money on the morning of their departure to pay 'ranning expenses.'

On the evening of court-day the Rev. Josiah Horrocks of Zion Church, and the Rev. Ebenezer Gubbin of Gobblersville paid the Martins a visit of congratulation or condolence, it was uncertain which, probably it was both. Phil was not in a pious mood at the time; he seldom was, except on Sundays and for an hour or so weekly at prayer-meeting, still he received his clerical visitors with all the grace he could command after the somewhat long and loud semi-sulphureous expletives in which he had been indulging only a few moments before.

"Good evenin' Mr. Horrocks, good evenin' Mr. Gubbin— glad to see both o' ye, walk right an' make yerselves to home. We hain't got quite set to rights sence the shindig, but thank God, no lives was lost, as I was just a-sayin' to Mammy when you was a-comin' in at the gate."

"Ah, brother Martin," said Mr. Horrocks, "yes, in view of all the circumstanes attending upon such a demonical, I might almost say diabolical display and exhibition of that spirit, eh yah, which, eh yah, is apt to manifest itself upon unseemly occasions, or I should say, eh yah, in an unseemly manner upon such occasions in this part of the vineyard, you say truly, ah yes! and Brother Gubbin and I thought we would just make a friendly call for a few moments eh yah, to show you how deeply we sympathized with you at such a time," and the Rev. Mr. Horrocks released the horse-shoe wrinkles, closed his eyes divinely, pressed his lips tightly, lay back in his chair, and, languidly, once more opened his eyes.

"Just so" said the Rev. Mr. Gubbin who was a very self-important, but withal perfectly harmless, because weak-minded middle-aged gentleman, "Just so, brother Martin, and I have no doubt that much of the inherent (!) wickedness of the people in our day is directly traceable to the avidity with which they peruse the vile works of such monsters of iniquity as Tom Paine, Tom Huxley, Bob Ingersoll, Henry (I think they call him) Spencer, and that Prince of Darkness Edward Darwin. In the words of the ancient Greek *tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*, which is as if we should say in English, 'the times are changing for the worse, and so we, in like manner are changing with the times also.' The fact of the matter brother Martin is that we must prevent our young people from reading works that ignore God, as do those of the persons

to whom I have alluded. In the words of our Venerable Founder :

The gospel then shall greatly grow,
 And all our land o'erspread !
 Through earth extended wide
 Shall mightily prevail,
 Destroy the works of self and pride
 And shake the gates of hell.

Ahmen ! Ahmen !"

And the Rev. Mr. Horrocks responded "Ahmen !" The Rev. Mr. Gubbin knew of no distinction among the works of the authors he named, or, in every instance it may be said, misnamed. They were all in his eyes, (or rather in his imagination, for he never saw one of them and thanked God for it) blasphemous, atheistic, agnostic. He was a firm believer in plenary inspiration, and every book that he had reason to think did not *jump* with this view, was an utterly bad book, and for some years he had been the habit of ascribing to "Darwin, Huxley and Co." the chief blame for the existence of the manifold evils of 'our day and generation.'

As a preacher he was 'gabby' and plausible enough to make himself popular in every circuit, until his stock of Talmage topics was exhausted, after which it was his custom to fall foul of all the other christian denominations, especially Roman Catholics and Presbyterians. A few classical phrases he had committed to memory, but was somewhat hazy regarding their origin and signification.

Throughout the whole of the minister's little speeches Phil was very impatient, and anxious to tell the reverend brothers that he 'didn't blame nobody's books or nobody at all but Colton for the whole business' when just as the Rev. Gubbin concluded, and gave the Rev. Horrocks a chance to say 'Ahmen' the latter continued after the inevitable clearing of the throat and other preliminaries, "True, brother Gubbin, too true, and we shall never be at rest until we have religious instruction imparted in the public schools. Give us that, and I shall be prepared to give up the ghost happily."

Phil Martin now managed to squeeze in his Colton theory, and was surprised to hear his pastor rejoin "Just so, brother Martin, that is merely a verification of what we have been saying as I have reason to believe that the man Colton is a rank freethinker, a bad man indeed, if it be true, as I do not doubt that he told Mrs. Ferrand only the other day, that he disbelieved the inspired narrative which recounts how the whale swallowed Jonah, and referred to it scoffingly as 'a great fish story.'"

Here "Mammy" entered and asked the brethren to stay to tea, which they did, much to her own and 'Dad's' chagrin.

Upon enquiries having been made for the welfare of Dr. and Mrs. Rose, "Mammy" informed the Rev. Mr. Horrocks that John Wesley had driven away with them about an hour before to the county town where they proposed to catch the midnight train for Montreal, and for a time we shall leave them to enjoy their trip.

CHAPTER LI.

Shortly after the midsummer vacation the new school-house in No. 7 was ready for occupation.

The new teacher was a young man named Jackson who ardently loved teaching for its own sake. Although not more than twenty-five years of age he was well read in the science of education, and held many views contrary to those in general acceptance. He was affected with no mawkish sentimentality regarding the so-called degradative effect of corporal punishment, and he was fully convinced that it should be called into action in flagrant cases of bullying, obscenity, and contumacy, but the general effect of his kindly, common-sense discipline obviated the necessity of all except the most sparing infliction of the rod. To the practice of "keeping in" he was strongly opposed, and succeeded in accomplishing more than the usual amount of work without imposing *any* home-tasks on the younger pupils, and very few upon those that were older. Finding six hours a day of school-work hard enough on himself, he refrained from inflicting misery on his pupils during time he thought should be devoted by them to rest, to play, or to non-school reading. He took part in the games of the play-ground, and endeavored to make the indoor routine interesting by brief illustrative anecdote and narrative. Passionately fond of botany and entomology, he managed to induce some of his pupils to give more than a passing notice to the wayside weeds and to the common insects. He covered the walls of the school-room not only with maps, (in which he, with great difficulty, persuaded the trustees to invest about fifteen dollars), but with pictures and illuminated texts and mottoes. A portion of the ground he laid out for a flower bed in spring, and encouraged the pupils to bring flowers in pots for the window-sills.

To praise the attempts and attainments of his pupils was his rule; blame he employed judiciously, but sparingly, and contumely, never.

He never tried to convince his pupils either that he knew

everything, or that he was incapable of making a mistake, and he felt himself equally free to confess occasional ignorance and to tender an apology.

Out of school he made a practice of recognizing every one of his pupils, whether by smile, nod, word, playful touch, or kindly look.

Although unconnected with any religious sect or denomination, he opened and closed the school according to the prescribed forms, and did so in such a manner as to command if not the reverential, at least the respectful attention of his pupils.

At every opportunity he inculcated sound moral principles. This he succeeded in doing effectively without sermonizing, or any assumption of sanctimoniousness. Upon deceit in all its forms he was especially hard. *Copying* he denounced as the principal deadly sin of the school-room. Of the bully and the sneak generally, he spoke in terms of unmeasured contempt. Canada he always referred to as one of the most highly favored lands, and its people as enjoying the best kinds of parliamentary and municipal government, the foremost school system, the most invigorating climate, and the highest condition of general comfort and prosperity.

In brief, Edward Jackson was a *first rate* teacher, who fully earned the enormous salary of Four Hundred Dollars per annum grudgingly paid to him by Messrs. Turner, Schuntz and Jones.

On entering upon his duties in September, he found the new building everything that could be desired in point of room and seating accommodation, but erected without the remotest attempt to provide for ventilation apart from doors and windows. No great want in this direction was noticeable until the cold weather set in. Then, the presence of nearly sixty pupils speedily vitiated the atmospheric contents of the room to such an extent that although the occupants were wholly unconscious of the change, to anyone entering the apartment the fetid character of the air was powerfully and disagreeable apparent.

For the purpose of remedying this, Mr. Jackson was in the habit of keeping all the windows partially open, and, fortunately, the upper sash had been made to come down. But this sort of thing was far from according with the views of the 'self-made man' and his colleagues on the Board. They declared that in their opinion it was folly, or madness or something, to keep a fire going to *heat* the room, while the windows were kept open to *cool* it. The section, they said, could not afford to pay for wood at three dollars a cord to be thus

recklessly consumed. They therefore held a meeting to consider the question, and gravely decided that most of the windows should be nailed up completely, but that two of them should be permitted to open to the extent of one inch!!!

The gross—the sinful ignorance, which dictated this proceeding filled Mr. Jackson with indignation and disgust, and when he discovered what had been done, and why it was done, he promptly pulled out the fastenings, and continued as formerly to use his own judgment as to when and how the supply of fresh air should be regulated,

Turners wore. Schuntz said it "vas not mooch difference mit" him, and Jones declared that Jackson was a "young Chacknips —(Jack-a-napes?) didn't know nothing 't oll. Feel to pig oltogether, zactky." But beyond these expressions, the trustees took no action, doubtless deeming it unsafe to meddle with a teacher, who had by this time proved himself to be a man of different stuff from that which composed Horatio W. Somers, or even Soloman Tomkins Bunt, Esq., B. A., I. P. S.!

Under Jackson the school flourished, and although he laid but little stress on quarterly or half-yearly, cram-show examinations, the solid character of his methods enabled him to lay excellent foundations upon which *all* his pupils might, if they would, erect superstructures calculated to make them ornaments to Canadian society.

CHAPTER LII.

By a series of coincidences the Rose and Colton parties left Toronto for Montreal on board of the same steamer, put up at the same hotel in the latter city, and eventually sailed down the Gulf of St. Lawrence in the same boat.

To the Roses and to Mrs. Colton, these adventures were very unpleasant, but so far as Nicholas was concerned he felt perfectly at ease. Why shouldn't he? More than that, he was anxious to strike up an acquaintance with the doctor and Mrs. Rose, for he was a genial and ingenuous soul, but soon perceiving that this was not likely to prove agreeable either to the Roses or to his own wife, he desisted from offering any opportunity of companionship.

Both parties kept their distance from each other, and all on board seemed to enjoy the pleasures of the voyage until the morning of the third day out, when during a heavy fog their vessel, the *Chancellor*, ran aground on a rocky ledge about three-fourths of a mile off Cap des Rosie. During the forenoon a wind sprung up, which towards evening stiffened into a smart breeze, when the captain proposed as a precautionary measure

that the ladies should be landed before dark. As few of the boat hands were real old salts, which Colton discovered the moment they attempted to swing out the boats on the davits, he informed the captain that he had had some experience at sea, and volunteered his services which were gladly accepted. He was given command of crew No. 2, and had his boat with her complement of passengers in the water long before the other. Mrs. Colton accompanied her husband on the first trip and was landed safely with all the rest almost before the No. 1 had left the side of the *Chancellor*.

On the way back to the steamer, Colton sitting in the stern of his own boat, with the tiller in his hand, observed a good deal of bungling in the management of the crew that was now rowing shoreward. They were shaping their course in such a manner as to allow every sea to strike them broadside, and he feared for the safety of all on board. When within fifty yards of each other, Colton shuddered to see a wave break clean over the mismanaged boat, and then came the screams of nearly twenty women as they found themselves sinking. Colton's crew rowed to the spot with all speed, and before many minutes every passenger but one had been rescued. This lady Colton determined should not be lost if he could save her, and ordering his men to row a few strokes towards where she was last seen to disappear, he threw off his coat, vest and boots, and dived steadily off the stern. His first attempt accomplished little, as he was merely feeling his way, but after ascending to draw breath, he made another plunge, and this time brought to the surface no one but Mrs. Polly Ann Rose. Of course this lady was not in a condition to recognize her deliverer, or it is just possible she would have refused his assistance. With some difficulty she was hauled aboard and as soon as Nicholas had scrambled in, the men pulled hastily for the shore again. Meantime those of the rescued ladies who were fit to do anything, did all that could be done, under the circumstances, for the resuscitation of Mrs. Rose, and their efforts were rewarded by a few returning signs of life just as the boat touched land.

Naturally, those who reached the shore first, sympathized deeply with their companions to whom the dangerous mishap had occurred, and, just as naturally most of their good services were tendered in aid of Mrs. Rose, who was soon well enough to realize the narrow escape she had made, and to be informed by whose assistance she had been rescued.

Two more trips of the remaining boat brought the rest of the passengers ashore, for the gentleman resolved that they also would leave the vessel.

Nicholas assumed command of all the male passengers and

told them off into companies. Two of these he dispatched in opposite directions to pick up drift wood for fuel, one to collect large stones and build a rough wall, and another to assist himself in erecting a tent composed of two spare sails. By these means the situation for all was made comparatively tolerable until daylight, when it was discovered that the early tide had enabled the *Chancellor* to swing easily off the ledge without any material damage to her hull.

After all were again shipped, and some progress had been made towards Charlottetown, a deputation awaited upon Colton, requesting him to meet the other passengers in the saloon at 10 o'clock, to receive their thanks for the services performed by him during the night of their peril and distress.

Colton being honest as well as human, did not pretend that he thought nothing of what he had done, and that thanks were out of the question. On the contrary, he was pleased to know that his services proved valuable, and that his fellow passengers appreciated them accordingly.

At the time appointed a gentleman from Chicago read and presented to Mr. Colton a highly laudatory address setting forth the obligations under which the passengers lay to him, and referring more particularly to his bravery in saving the life of Mrs. Rose. Many of the voyagers having observed that no good feeling existed between the Coltons and the Roses, now hoped that a reconciliation might be effected, and when Nicholas had made a pleasing reply to the address they looked to Dr. Rose for something. After a few moments of painful waiting, Dr. Rose said blunderingly that he supposed he was in duty bound to thank Mr. Colton for having saved Mrs. Rose's life, "but" he added, petulantly, "perhaps if Mr. Colton had known who was in the water, he wouldn't have went to so much trouble."

"Ladies and gentlemen" said Nicholas, "I shall not reply to this gentleman's baseless insinuation, as I have come to the conclusion that he is as incapable of recognizing the claims of our common humanity, as he is of appreciating the niceties of our "Brave old English Tongue."

The applause that followed this snappy sentence was anything but pleasing to Dr. Rose, and he remains as blissfully ignorant to-day as he was then, of what Nicholas Colton 'was driving at.'

On reaching the next port the medical gentleman and his wife left the *Chancellor*, on pretence of requiring rest ashore.

CONCLUSION.

Edward Jackson is still doing good work in No. 7, but his career there will soon be cut short. Turner has had an offer

from a divinity student to "hire" as teacher at three hundred dollars a year, and as the understanding is that the said divinity student shall board with Mr. Lloyd Jones, it is easy to predict Jackson's fate in Harden.

The Rev. Mr. Haivers, the Rev. Mr. Horrocks and the Rev. Mr. Bigsby are still agitating the question of the Bible in Public Schools. Those who are best acquainted with the Rev. Mr. Haivers assert that his main object in maintaining the discussion is to keep himself before the public, in the hope that his hitherto ignored claims to the moderatorship of the Assembly may be recognized. The Rev. Mr. Horrocks, and the Rev. Mr. Bigsby also continue to argue in favor of the point, simply because they think it right and proper (that is, orthodox) to do so, and in the belief that the more biblical instruction is imparted in the secular schools, the easier will the task of ministers become.

The Rev. Mr. Gubbin of Gobblersville labors away in his far-fetched attempts at Talmagian oratory, and peruses prayerfully the weekly modicum of the New York pulpit mountebank, as doled out in the columns of his (Mr. G's) church organ. His sermon last Sunday evening was, as he announced it himself, "On the Final and Complete End of all Things Sublunary and Terrestrial in this Sin-burdened World. In proof of his contention that this great catastrophe was in the near future, he referred pathetically to the fact that "the forests of this country were year by year becoming depleted annually" and that "stove coal was now selling for eight dollars a ton, and only 2000 lbs at that!"

Of that guileless gentlemen the Rev. Oliver Twiddleton, M. A., L.L.D., Ox., it is unnecessary to say anything further than that although refusing to co-operate with 'mere dissenting fellows' in their onslaught upon the non-denominational character of our school system, he 'longs vehemently' for their success thereby hoping for the ultimate establishment of schools in which episcopal pupils may receive a truly apostolic education.

The worthy inspector Solomon T. Bunt, Esq., B.A., maintains his ground—apparently, and only so, for his villainy is becoming as notorious to members of the County Council, as it has long been to a few outsiders. Educational financial accounts, containing fifty and one hundred dollar postage items have done something by way of eye-openers, and ignorance, pretension, officiousness, impertinence and braggadocio are gradually weakening his grasp of a position he should never have been permitted to hold.

Sleeping partners we have all heard of, and in the same sense Mr. Solomon T. Bunt acts as the sleeping agent of W.

J. Graves & Son, publishers. By the judicious administration of metaphorical taffy to a few of the principal teachers in his district, and the bull-dozing of others, he usually manages to carry his point in favor of his firm, who pay him from time to time, a neat little sum for his totally unselfish, intermediary offices in their behalf.

W. Horatio Somers is buried in Grand Rapids, Michigan, where he died of typhoid fever, (much to the relief of Mr. Bunt) within three months after reaching the United States.

Chairman-secretary-treasurer Turner is putting forth super-human exertions for the councilorship—Schuntz continues diligently to attend to the interests of his farm, and to the consumption of 'black-strap.'—and Jones lives a lazy, but, mayhap, contented life in the proud consciousness that he is a 'self-made man—'zackly' and fitted for the performance of things far higher than the pursuit of agriculture.

The married life of the Roses is not all that the doctor's fancy painted it. "Polly dear," as he always calls his wife, has forsaken the piano almost completely, and has settled herself down to a course of "Ouida," Victor Hugo, and Miss Braddon. She never visits her parents—her mother, she actually despises; she receives no company, keeps her house untidy even with the assistance of a servant, remains in her bedroom until after breakfast time, dresses negligently, seems best pleased when querulously fault-finding with "James dear," and compensates for all her indoor short-comings by acting as a monthly tract distributor in the village.

"Daddy" and "Mammy" Martin live to denounce the base ingratitude of a spoiled child. "Mammy" says "Lawk-a-daisy who ever could a forswa the likes of it?" and "Daddy" replies "Darn if I could," then by the way of appendix, as it were, "and I won't vote for Turner, nuther, see if I do."

Mr. Abraham and Mrs. Abigail Doopelsnipe are, we feel sorry to state, not only still alive, but, so far as appearances go, likely to prolong their earthly pilgrimage for many years.

Dr. Vain has retired to enjoy the well-earned luxury of an orange-grove property in Florida, where, it is said, he fails not day or night to denounce Canada and the Canadians.

On a small ranche adjoining the larger establishment of Maurice O'Flynn Tom Horsfall is settled and prosperous, and last of all, Dick Ferrand is away with Nicholas Colton on a North West surveying expedition, while Mrs. Colton resides in a handsome cottage within a few doors of Mrs. Pollock, who is hale, hearty and happy, and likely to enjoy for many years the companionship of her good step-daughter.

THE END.

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